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A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

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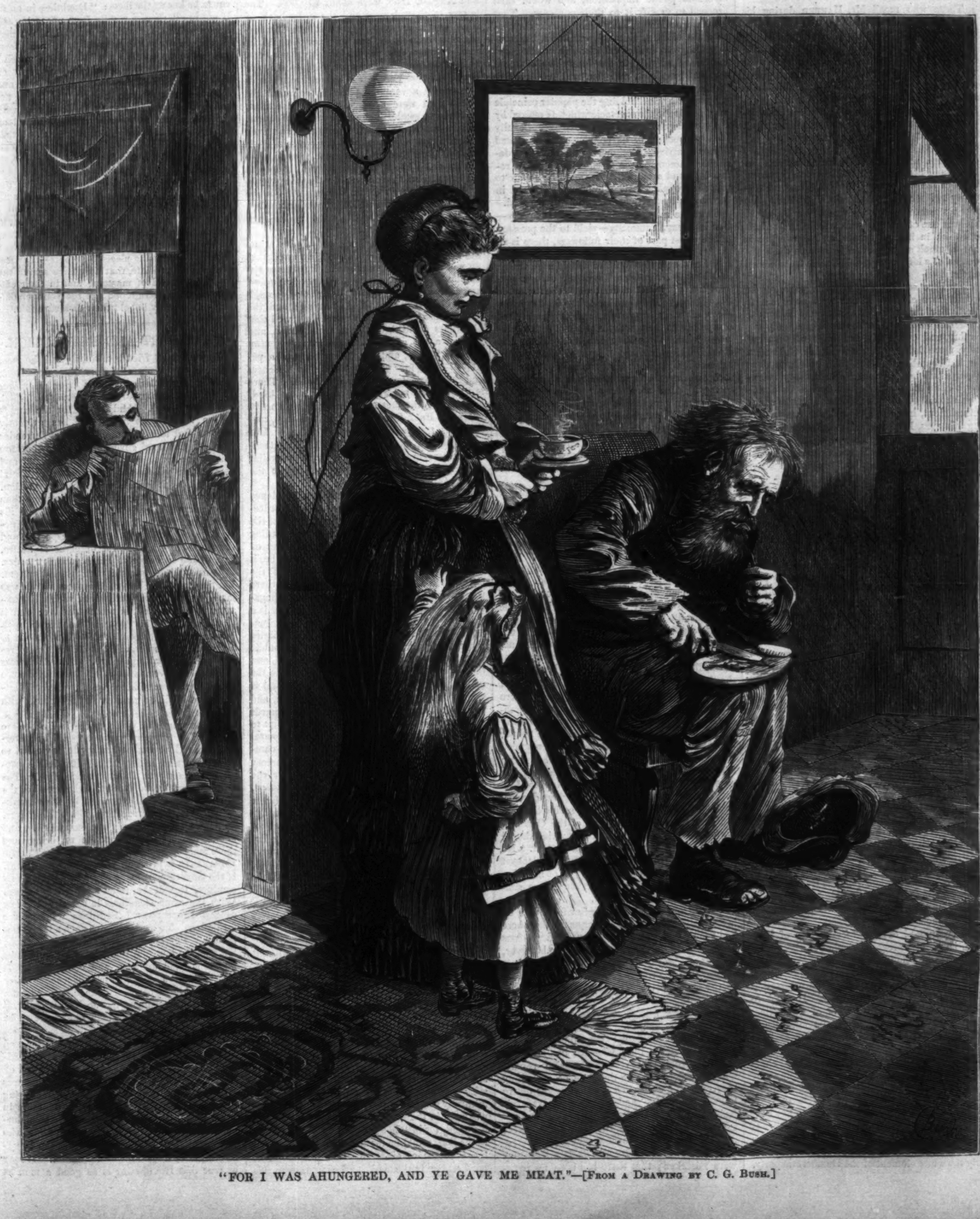


"FOR I WAS AHUNGERED, AND YE GAVE ME MEAT."—[From a Drawing by C. G. Bush.]

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

Saturday, February 26, 1870.

JOSEPH WESLEY HARPER.

It is not yet a year since it was our melancholy duty to record the sudden death of James Harper, the senior partner of the house of Harper & Brothers; and to-day we have to announce that of his brother, for forty-five years a partner in the firm—Joseph Wesley Harper—who died at his residence in Brooklyn on Monday morning, February 14, in the seventieth year of his age. After a long illness, of which the end was sure, and which has been imminent for many weeks, his death was as gentle as his life, and his memory will be as spotless. Of a nature so guileless, a temper so serene, that his whole career was the fairest illustration of the highest Christian graces, his death-chamber was as cheerful as his steady heart, and foretold the eternal morning for which he waited.

Those who recall Mr. Harper during his long connection with the house are familiar with the peculiar courtesy, the constant and kindly humor, of his manner; but only those who have been brought into more intimate relations with him fully know the true generosity and nobility of his character, his manly fidelity to his convictions, his exhaustless charity in judging others, his forbearance, sympathy, and wisdom in counsel. Modest and retiring, and of the simplest habits, he avoided wholly every kind of publicity; but his name in his religious connection was universally cherished and beloved, and his heart and hand were always open wide to the widow and the fatherless. Prosperity neither spoiled nor deceived him. He was its master, never its victim nor its slave. He was one of the men who sustain and refresh our faith in human nature, and whose loss is not so much an individual sorrow as the withdrawal of a lofty and pure influence from a wide circle.

Nowhere so happy as at home, there, as he would have chosen, it was appointed him to die. For many months, surrounded by the tenderest affection, he has been gradually declining, and every day and hour of suspense only more brightly illustrated his character. In that chamber love and faith and hope were a perpetual benediction. On Monday morning, a little after sunrise, he asked that the window should be opened; then, taking a slight refreshment, he said, "Thank you," and, closing his eyes, lay back. Immediately the loving eyes that watched him saw a change. But before those without the room could be called the good man had heard and obeyed the heavenly summons, "Come up higher!"

THE SWEENY CHARTER.

Governor Hoffman, who was elected by notorious frauds, which, as Mayor, he did his best to protect by his proclamation, said, in his message, that the victorious party proposed to give the people self-government and to restore the rights of localities. Those who were familiar with New York politics knew that what he meant was that Tammany intended to establish a municipal system for the city of New York by which the Democratic machinery could be so perfected that the same methods which elected Mayor Hoffman Governor in 1868 should elect Governor Hoffman President in 1872. Governor Hoffman, having shown in his acquiescence in the monstrous Erie bill of last winter that he is wax in the hands of able schemers, is the chosen candidate of those who propose to manage the country as they manage the State—unmindful of the remark of a conspicuous "Hayloft and cheese-press" Democrat, as Tammany calls its rural friends, that "Mr. Tweed could do very well in the city of New York, but the United States were too —— big for him!" But the gentlemen who "counted in" Mr. Hoffman as Governor are of opinion that they can, by proper precautions, also count him in as President; and should they succeed, they are justly confident that the Governor who obeyed them in signing the Erie bill will not, as President, dare to refuse his aid in still more startling measures.

The proposed charter for the city of New York is the first great movement of these gentlemen toward their object. It vests the control of the city absolutely in the Ring, under whose auspices the appalling naturalization frauds of 1868 were committed. It gives to the same authority the control of the police. The charter effectually stifles the minority in the city; and the representatives of at least half the tax-paying property, and certainly three-quarters of the intelligence and good character of the population, are deprived of any part or voice whatever in the municipal management. If under the present system there is corruption, the proposed charter does not suggest a solitary change that is not for the advantage of the Ring which is the source of the corruption. It is a charter that can gratify only the worst element of the Democratic party, and which should alarm every man of every party who values just public confidence as the surest guarantee of order and prosperity.

The daily papers have been busily exposing the character of the charter and its inevitable consequences. The *World*, which can not be supposed friendly to the work of a Ring which it has denounced, however sorely constrained it may be by party necessity to speak mildly of a great party measure, has pointed out some of the significant omissions of the new instrument. It leaves the treasury exposed. It destroys all the commissions, without regard to their efficiency or integrity. It reverses the deliberate judgment of the most thoughtful citizens of all parties, and opens an era of misrule of which the evil consequences are not to be foreseen.

Yet, bad as the charter is, it is a question whether it will not be made worse before it is adopted. It is not unreasonable to suppose that the Ring-masters would wish to make as fair an appearance as possible at the beginning of their State supremacy, and that they would offer a plausible plan for what is called the popular government of the city to produce a favorable public impression, and would then proceed to modify it to their purposes. That is what we shall probably see. Under the plea that the charter, although excellent, has provoked a great deal of criticism, it will be fitted still more adroitly to the intentions of those who have made it, and the total subservience of the city to the Ring will be secured. But we protest against holding the popular principle responsible for the spectacle which is offered by the government of this city. An exceptionally large proportion of its population is composed of newly-arrived foreigners, and the least desirable element of the foreign immigration remains in and around it. It would be as fair to test the popular system by the worst ward in the city as by a city so exceptionally peopled.

That the managers of the dominant party—that is to say, Tammany—yield to the pressure of the worst part of their followers, there is no doubt. If the power known as Tammany chose to have honest elections, we should have them; and by the expression Tammany certain persons are very well understood. But they do not choose. They pander to the basest prejudices of their supporters, and they are then compelled to shape their policy by the passions which they have kindled. Even the *World*, which is a most devoted party organ, has not hesitated, under personal provocation, to brand some of the managers by name as corrupt. The new charter merely gives to these persons possession of such powers in the city as had hitherto escaped them; and Governor Hoffman, whose political advancement depends upon the favor of Tammany, solemnly calls this performance in advance "giving self-government to the people, and restoring the rights of localities."

WHITEWASH.

The Methodist Book Concern, as is well known, is the awkward title of the great publishing house of that great Christian body, and its yearly business is of course immense. Like all other companies, or merchants, or institutions, however wary and sagacious, it is liable to be swindled. If that should happen, the discredit would not be in the swindle, but in the failure to investigate it fearlessly and to acknowledge it frankly. For the management of the Book Concern is the proper business of the denomination whose liberality supports it; and as its members are scattered every where in the country, the promptest and widest publicity of the results of an investigation into any alleged difficulty is indispensable to their proper information. When, therefore, it was announced during the last summer that there had been frauds in the management of its business, the duty of the Book Committee was plain. They owed to the fair fame of their religious denomination, to their own characters, and to the reputation of the honest officers of the Concern, that mismanagement or fraud of any kind should be summarily exposed and condemned. No delusive hope of "smoothing up" unpleasant facts, of sparing private feeling, or of avoiding public scandal should have prevented the simplest and frankest statement.

On the 23d of November, after forty days of investigation, the Committee reported that there had been "great mismanagement" and "serious losses" in the bindery. There was, however, such an evident desire to "hush up" the whole subject that the report was even more injurious to the Concern than the original charges. It left the impression that those charges were probably true, and that there were quite as terrible truths behind. As usual the mist of uncertainty magnified every thing; and the reputation of the Book Concern has seriously suffered from that reticent, evasive report, which we described at the time as a striking illustration of what such a report ought not to be. So universal and so powerful was this feeling that the Committee were constrained to resume the consideration of the subject; and the majority have now made another report, in which they virtually declare that they were mistaken; that there has been no irregularity or fraud or loss in any department of the Concern, and, of course, that the charges were entirely false. Fortunately the minority of the Committee also present a report, in which the statements of fact, of testimony, of affidavit, not of inference, are totally incompatible with the conclusions of the majority.

Thus it is in evidence that Mr. J. F. Porter, the son of one of the principal managers, represented himself to paper houses as controlling the purchases of paper for the Concern, and to the Concern as the accredited agent of leading paper houses. On a certain day the Concern was charged by Mr. Porter $13 50 per ream for paper which he had that very day bought of a paper house for $10 80, and which the paper house states that it would have gladly sold to the Book Concern at the same rate. The minority report states that since 1860 paper to the value of nearly $700,000 has been bought through this middle-man, whose commission was added to the price of the paper. The books of certain paper houses and of the Concern show that the profits of this middle-man upon purchases of paper between July, 1867, and August, 1868, were about $10,000. The letters of these houses and the order-book of the Concern are in possession of the Committee, showing that in one instance the middle-man's profits were more than thirty per cent. In explanation of these astounding facts it was stated that the purchase of paper through middle-men is a common practice, and that the prices paid were average prices at the time. But in large establishments the rule is, of course, to buy directly from manufacturers; and even when brokers are employed the commission is seldom more than one per cent.; while as to the assertion about average prices it is enough that the dealers themselves state that they would willingly have sold to the Concern for $10 80 the same paper for which, upon the same day, the Concern was charged by the middle-man $13 50.

Moreover, the superintendent of the printing department of the Concern declared that no middle-man was employed. But it was immediately ascertained that his very last order, amounting to nearly $6000, had passed through the middle-man, Mr. J. F. Porter; and the paper house which filled that order stated that all orders came through the same person, and showed a list of fifty-one orders, amounting to $174,985 24, and extending through a period of about four years. This is in evidence, and the superintendent was dismissed. There is very much more proof of the same kind, establishing the fact that during less than two years the Book Concern lost in this way, and upon its transactions with but three or four paper houses, more than $15,000. The testimony in regard to the bindery reveals similar results; but it is unnecessary to pursue the details further.

With this plain and accumulated evidence before them, and undisputed—with the order-books of the Concern, and the statement of the assistant agent, and the letters of the leading paper houses confirming it—with the fact of loss as clearly established as any loss can be, it is incomprehensible that the majority of the Committee should assert not only that there was no fraud nor corruption, but that the allegation of losses is unsustained. Their report is a grievous blow at the welfare of the denomination. The letters and evidence in the minority report are quite enough to convince the public that, for some reason, the truth is withheld, and that this declaration of the majority that the management of the business has been, and is now, "in a sound and healthy condition, and under such a system of checks and safeguards as guarantees security," is a solemn attempt to conceal the truth. We trust that the General Conference will give this subject the most careful consideration, and furnish some satisfactory explanation of the facts in evidence, or the frankest censure of the transactions in question. Nothing but such decisive action will satisfy the public that the business affairs of the great religious publishing house are conducted in a manner that will bear investigation; and nothing but this frankness will commend the Book Concern hereafter, as heretofore, to the pride and confidence and support of the Methodists of the United States.

A HARD FATE.

A bill recently passed the Senate, without debate and without exciting public attention, which the President has just signed, and which ought to be a matter of general interest, as involving the treatment of a class of meritorious servants of the country—the retired army officers. The bill forbids them to be placed upon duty, and consequently very seriously reduces their pay. There are not many officers of this class, and some of them have been retired without real reason; so that the effect of this bill is most grievous. An officer, perhaps, who has faithfully served for forty years, may have been wounded in the Mexican war, by losing part of his hand, for instance—a wound which does not in the least unfit him for active duty, as is proved by seventeen or eighteen years of subsequent hard service in the field. Efficient as ever, this officer is peremptorily retired. But he is still competent, under the regulations, to serve upon military courts, and so allow active officers to remain with their regiments, as the President and General Sherman earnestly wish.

But a great many of these active officers do not earnestly wish it. They would much rather serve the country upon military courts in New York than in garrison at Fort Laramie, or some other frontier paradise; nor can any body wonder at their choice. They naturally press the President and the Department to relieve the retired officer from this appropriate duty, and to allow the applicants to leave their regiments to discharge it. And this pressure was urged as the reason for passing the bill. Its result will be that active officers will be taken from their commands for a service which the retired officers can render equally well, and that the income of the retired officers will be diminished by more than a half.

In announcing their fate to these faithful servants of the country, General Sherman can not withhold an expression of sympathy and regret. He says what he must fear can not be true, because he knows the facts: "Doubtless in most, if not in all, cases a respite from unceasing toil and responsibility will be grateful, if not necessary, coming as it does in this involuntary form and without a possibility of implied reproach." It is a hard fate. There are not many of these officers, and they have served long and laboriously for the smallest pay. They can not enter other professions; and elderly men with families, living most economically, must look soberly upon the prospect of losing half of their revenues. They have given their youth, their vigor, their life's devotion to the flag of their country, and they naturally and justly expect a moderate support from that country to the end. But when officers retired, yet not mentally nor bodily disabled, see that the country takes from them the service which they could satisfactorily do, and which would increase their resources—and that this is done, not to save money, but to make places for others—they feel bitterly, but too late, that they have served the most ungrateful of masters; and in their embarrassed and straitened age the younger officers of the army behold their own sure fate.

ROCHEFORT AND REVOLUTION.

The warmest friends of liberty and the most resolute opponents of Louis Napoleon look without enthusiasm or hope upon Monsieur Henri Rochefort, and the movements of which he is the centre. And this is for the simple reason that Louis Napoleon has evidently learned that to save himself he must surrender to a constitutional government. It is because this is the moment of his acknowledged and conspicuous yielding to the pressure of liberal opinion that it is ill-chosen for a revolution. The new system, indeed, as we have more than once remarked, rests upon his word, and his word alone can not be respected. But the necessities of the situation can be respected, and they, as every thoughtful observer is aware, compel the Emperor to accept the new order. It is not, indeed, a consistently liberal system. For instance, the law of the press which was lately promulgated, and under which Rochefort is condemned, is too restrictive; and it would seem, at this distance, to be sound policy for the Government to allow Rochefort to say what he chooses, as it permitted him to return to Paris at his pleasure. Even the errors of a liberal government at this time in France should lean toward liberty, not toward absolutism; and it will be measured by the energy with which it proposes reforms.

The feeling with which events in France are regarded in foreign countries would be different if the Government had made any effort to screen Pierre Bonaparte. But it has proceeded exactly as in any other case. The homicide was committed, and the arrest of the offender was instantly ordered by the Government. He had surrendered himself, however, and there remained only the examination and trial. In that there must be no delay, and there must be no favor. Before the law Pierre Bonaparte is precisely what Traupmann was. If the Government make France feel this by its conduct, it will be immensely strengthened. With the same steadiness it executes the law against Rochefort. Seditious writings are forbidden. To us Americans such a law seems foolish. Perhaps it is foolish also in France; but it is the law. A republican leader violates it; he is tried under it and condemned. It still remains a question whether good policy would not have permitted the offense to pass. But if the Government has decided wrongly, it is a fault of judgment which ought not to be corrected by a revolution.

For a revolution is a very serious matter, and the responsibility of those who begin it is terrible. An appeal to arms is one of the worst of crimes, until it is clear that the consequences are less fearful than those of longer enduring the oppression. That this is the situation in France to-day—whatever it may have been during the absolutism of Louis Napoleon—who will contend? It may be true that the Bonapartes have a taste for assassination. It may be true that Rochefort is as good a man as any of the Ministers. It may be true that Victor Noir was wantonly murdered, and that his story is a pitiful tragedy. This last may be easily believed. All liberal journalists, who are the van-guard of liberty in our time, deplore in his death the fate of a young fellow-soldier. But in revolutions personal considerations disappear. That an imperial prince kills a liberal writer is in itself no reason for beginning a revolution and overthrowing the empire. But when it is evident that the empire, leaning upon the army, meditates the destruction of the rights of the people, the brave man who, speaking the sad and profound conviction of the intelligence of his country, calls it to arms, and offers his breast to the bullets of the despot, is saluted by the love and gratitude of all generous and honorable men.

Is that the situation in France to-day? If it is, the man who shall lead a revolution will be hailed as a benefactor. If it is not, the man who purposely excites bloodshed must be held guilty of it.

TRADE AS AFFECTED BY THE SITUATION.

The business interests of the United States have been sorely tried within the last half year. Up to the time of the raid upon Wall Street, in September, there was in all parts of the Union the regularity in trade which arises from the adjustment of prices on a basis supposed to be uniform. The farmer, the merchant, the manufacturer, the laborer, or, in other words, the producers and consumers, stood on the same level. If prices were high for some articles, as they were equally high for others, there was equality in the long-run, and one interest could not boast of advantage over the other.

Since the affair of September, the effect of which struck terror through the whole country, instead of the uniformity in prices which is essential to solid prosperity, there has been an amount of irregularity hitherto unknown. Cotton remains but slightly disturbed—a result which communicates to the region of country of which it is the chief production much steadiness. On the other hand, the immense cereal productions of the Northwest have heavily shrunk in value, with a very depressing effect on all the interests of that quarter.

A winter of unusual mildness has undoubtedly contributed to the depression which originated in the crime of the gamblers in gold. Winter stocks remain on the shelves of distributors undisposed of; and, although spring goods have been displayed for several weeks, the customer tells the jobber, "I must delay my purchases for spring until the heavy goods are thinned off." Following in the train of these embarrassments came the pressure of the Treasury upon gold; the uncertainty about questions of currency, taxation, and the tariff, which now prevails; and lastly, and powerfully, the decision with which the Supreme Court of the United States has astonished the country.

It is one of the remarkable features of this depression that the same amount of paper-money which carried up prices in the proportion of its excess, as compared with the quantity in circulation before the war, still remains in use, and that shrinkage continues, notwithstanding that no measures for its diminution are on foot. The best observers are astounded at this remarkable exception to the universal law, that prices of articles in ordinary demand, and of ordinary supply, rise and fall according to the scarcity or abundance of money. The inflation produced under Mr. Chase's administration raised prices inordinately, but uniformly, and it has always been supposed that they would be lowered only by reversing the operation.

We are told that "opinion is power;" and it is true that the belief is quite general, notwithstanding we are still running up an immense score on the other side of the ocean for imports, that we are on the direct road to specie payments. The question interests all of us what foundation there is for this impression.

The policy of the Treasury, in purchasing between eighty and ninety millions of the public debt, has imparted a higher degree of credit in Europe to our issues of bonds than they had reached before. As our whole paper-currency is founded on the credit of the United States, it shares in the benefit of this improvement; but although the foreigner holds nearly a thousand millions of this debt, and it is still going forward, we are receiving but little in return that enables us to pay the interest on this tremendous burden. The importation of iron forms an exception to the general rule, that our imports consist of articles which the country consumes from year to year; but it bears but a small proportion to the whole.

Mr. Boutwell's statement of the revenues received and estimated for the fiscal year which will end on the 30th of June, 1870, amounts to three hundred and ninety-four millions, eight hundred and thirty-one thousand, six hundred and twenty-two $\frac{62}{100}$ dollars. Mr. Wells states that our annual indebtedness to the foreigner reaches two hundred and ten millions of dollars per annum. With these enormous receipts from revenue and of goods from abroad, the reduction of our debt to the extent of even one hundred millions per year would be a losing business; and hence it is that the foreigner, who obtains that excess of two hundred and ten millions in bonds annually, makes no complaint of the transaction, and will allow it to go on for the present. If we were drawing gold from his coffers, instead of taking his surplus of goods, a few shipments of it would induce the raising of the rate of interest in England.

Instead of growing stronger in our financial position, we are daily growing weaker and traveling in the opposite direction from specie payments. The security in which we repose is false, as will appear when the foreigner, reversing his present policy of encouraging an increase of our indebtedness, shall need to compel payment. That this necessity will arise there can be no doubt. It would require the treasures of India to supply the present extravagance of this country.

The shrinkage in prices is one of the mutations which belong to a paper system. Adam Smith, near the end of the last century, spoke of the danger of suspending the prosperity of the people upon the "wings of paper-money;" and we are now witnessing one of its peculiarities. A part of our difficulty is due to hoards in the South, for which their large receipts for cotton and the absence of banks are favorable; but the time will surely come when the undiminished volume of circulation will assert its force with effects not very different from those produced for several successive years, modified, however, by the action of the South, which will retain much of its present circulation.

The amount the South has withdrawn from us, to be thus retained as the result of the crop of 1868–69, is estimated by sagacious financiers at fifty millions of legal tenders. Should the crop of 1869–70 maintain its present price, an equal if not larger amount will be required. Although these sums go from one portion of the Union to another, yet the change results in an effectual contraction of the currency in the North. The reserve of national banks consists largely of three per cent. certificates, and so little of legal tenders that the banks owe their exemption from distress to the confidence of the community more than to their own strength. All who want legal tenders in considerable sums understand very well that notice is required of the demand, so that a little in this bank and a little in that may be borrowed for the exigency. It is at this vital point that our finances are exposed. The effect of the September raid was wide-spread, because a system was destroyed. A scheme for carrying on operations expressed in hundreds of millions was broken up. Fisk, in his testimony, pointed to the difference between the gambling which it encouraged and regular dealings. He could manage forty millions of short gold at the Gold Exchange Bank with more ease than four millions of real gold.

Topsy, or some other fictitious character, on being asked, in the language common at the South, who raised her, said, with real darkey wit, "I wasn't raised, s'pecks I growed." It is somewhat so with our banking policy. It wants system. We have 1620 banks, managed, with few exceptions, with a view only to the situation day by day, sometimes shaving each other; and they float along, engaged in immense transactions, with the boldness which was a marked feature of the Gold Enchange Bank.

What is wanted is a full and complete agreement between the most prudent managers, or some raiders more powerful than those of September, and, if this is possible, more unscrupulous, will strike them at their present weak point and produce sad consequences.

NOTES.

Mr. Fernando Wood suggests that Congress, or the American people, should demand the release of the Fenian prisoners; and, if negotiation fails, that the country should appeal to the God of Battles. And on which side would Mr. Fernando Wood be found? The last time that the country appealed to the God of Battles, Mr. Fernando Wood was heard lamenting that he was prevented from sending arms to the enemy.

The adoption of the Fifteenth Amendment establishes in the State of New York that equality of political rights among the citizens which it is one of the disgraces of the Democratic party in the State to have defeated at the last election. The disability laid by the present New York Constitution upon the colored population serves no other conceivable purpose than to show a groundless antipathy. A longer residence and a larger tax was required of this class, not because they were more disorderly, ignorant, and dangerous than others, but because they were colored. The effort was never made to prove that persons of that color were presumptively bad citizens, nor to show how, if they were so, a little longer residence and a larger tax would make them good citizens. Mr. William Cassidy and Mr. Henry C. Murphy, indeed, in the Constitutional Convention, theorized about the inferiority of the colored man to the white; but if that were an argument against their equal political rights, those gentlemen omitted to mention how a year's residence in the State and the payment of a little more money would help the matter. Colored men were originally equal citizens, and the Fifteenth Amendment merely restores a right of which, except for slavery in the Southern States, they would never have been deprived; and their National Executive Committee do well in calling upon the colored citizens of the country every where to receive with jubilees of prayer and thanksgiving their final emancipation from all civil and political disabilities founded upon color.

In the late debate in the New York Senate upon the Excise law, Senator Creamer said that he was not "in the habit of using the cant of the day, talking of the protection which should be thrown around the working-man to prevent him from foolishly spending his money on Sunday, or on Saturday, when he receives his week's pay." But is there not another kind of cant quite as worthy the Senator's contempt, such as that which asserts the right of a man to get drunk if he chooses; and which describes the process as "going on Sunday to a lager-beer garden with his family, and drinking his wine or beer there, if he sees fit?" The proper method of repressing the crimes and disorders that arise from drunkenness is still a question; but to say, as Senator Creamer says, that the money raised under the Excise law has done no good comparable with the injury and wrong inflicted by that law, reminds us to ask the Senator whether Cavalier cant is not just as odious as Roundhead.

In the same debate Senator Murphy said: "When you punish a man for being drunk by fining him or keeping him in prison you take time or money which should go to the support of his family." Undoubtedly it is unwise to punish mere drunkenness as a crime, but not for the reason mentioned by the Senator. The time and money which he says the State ought not to take "should go," indeed, to the drunkard's family, but they *will* go to the grog-shop. You do not save them to the family by declining to give them to the State.

Governor Geary, of Pennsylvania, says that the election of every local officer with executive duties should be submitted to a popular vote.—Policemen in New York, for instance.

The return of Mr. Parke Godwin to the editorship of *Putnam's Monthly* will revive the wide and kindly interest in that Magazine. The scholarly accomplishment of Mr. Godwin, his profound convictions, his long editorial experience, and the power and grace with which he treats every subject that he touches, are sufficient security of the vigor and skill with which the Magazine will be conducted.

John Brown's body has lain mouldering in the grave but a little more than ten years, when the late slaves in Virginia unite in asking Congress to remove the political disabilities of the late slave masters defeated in rebellion! It is a magnanimity and sagacity that contrasts well with the sullen folly of the Democratic party, which would make the colored citizens political outlaws. His soul goes marching on.

The Message of Governor Walker, of Virginia, does not belie in its tone and promise the spirit of his speech after the election. They are such words as Virginia has never heard from her Governors, and never would have heard in endless generations of Democratic ascendency: "Always a firm and consistent Unionist, I expect to live and die one. Beyond this the chief tenets of my political faith are the maintenance of the public faith, State and national, untarnished; honesty and economy in the administration of public affairs; the equalization and reduction of tariffs and taxation to the lowest degree consistent with the maintenance of the public credit; free education for all; a fostering care, encouragement, and elevation of labor; and, until fully, finally, and permanently accomplished, universal amnesty and impartial suffrage. These are fundamental principles in my political creed; and it matters not what you may call them, whether Republican, Democratic, or Liberal." These be brave words, and by them the official action of Governor Walker will be measured.

An illustration of the manner in which certificates to the excellence of various advertised articles are manufactured lately appeared in the newspapers. A gentleman wrote to a dealer in oil, requesting him to send the oil and the bill to a certain address, adding, playfully, that his wife had seen the dealer's advertisement, and would have only his oil. Thereupon the dealer publishes as an advertisement that the gentleman writes that his wife will have none but that oil; intending, of course, to convey to the reader the idea that she is so satisfied with it that she will have no other, while the fact was that she had never tried it. To take certain words from a letter, and to print them so that they necessarily convey a meaning that was neither expressed nor intended in the letter, may be very properly called, as the writer of the letter called it, "fraudulent." And the only rule for readers of advertisements that contain letters of recommendation is to be sure that they see the whole letter, and not the distorted part of a letter.

Messrs. Lee & Shepard have published three parts of "Patty Gray's Journey to the Cotton Islands;" and these three, which bring Patty to Mount Vernon, are issued in a pretty little case, which will be as good and as wise a gift after the holidays and St. Valentine's Day as they were at those happy times. If the birds peck at the painter's grapes he may be satisfied that he has not done ill; and if intelligent children are fascinated with a child's book which quietly conveys valuable information, and is pervaded with the truest morality and humanity, parents may be very sure that their children have found a friend. It is the good fortune of "Patty Gray" to have been thus welcomed, and those who have traveled with her to Mount Vernon, and have shared all her various humorous and pathetic experience, are very grateful to Mrs. Dall, who tells the story, and hopefully ask for more.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

CONGRESS.

February 7.—In the Senate, a bill was introduced to incorporate a company to construct a tunnel from New York city to the New Jersey shore opposite. Several important bills were reported in regard to steamship and railway lines, and one chartering the American and Asiatic Telegraph Company, and to provide for detailing government vessels to aid the enterprise.—In the House, the death of Mr. Truman H. Hoag, a Representative from Ohio, was announced, and several speeches were made in the usual strain of formal eulogy.

February 8.—In the Senate, the ratification of the Fifteenth Amendment by Iowa was announced. A resolution to allow the discussion of Indian treaties in open session was agreed to after being so amended as to except confidential treaties transmitted by the President. A resolution was reported and adopted providing for a correspondence with foreign countries in regard to an international coinage. Among the bills reported were the bill to prevent encroachments upon harbors and the House bill for supplying the naval deficiencies, but with amendments doubling the appropriations. The West Point Appropriation bill was passed, as was also a bill relieving from political disabilities a number of persons named therein.—In the House, Mr. Ingersoll gave notice of the introduction of a joint resolution proposing to so amend the Constitution as to allow Congress to issue United States notes as legal tenders for debts.

February 9.—In the Senate, a bill was reported from the Judiciary Committee admitting Mississippi unconditionally, as a substitute for the House bill. Mr. Morgan made a long speech on neutrality, in which he took the Government to task for permitting the building and sailing of the Spanish gun-boats, and for its treatment of Cuba.—In the House, information was ordered respecting the murder of an American citizen in Havana.

February 10.—In the Senate, the bill for the admission of Mississippi was taken up, and a long debate ensued upon the amendment striking out the preamble and all conditions, during which Mr. Stewart, of Nevada, criticised Mr. Sumner, and the latter replied, repeating his charges against Mr. Trumbull, which drew out a caustic answer from the latter gentleman.—In the House, most of the session was occupied with a discussion of a motion to reduce the mileage of members $500,000; but no action was taken upon it.

February 11.—In the Senate, a resolution, offered by Mr. Sherman, to recognize the Cubans as belligerents, occasioned considerable debate, and was finally referred to the Committee on Foreign Relations. The bill abolishing the franking privilege was discussed, and then laid aside for the bill providing for the admission of Mississippi, which was also discussed for some time, but not disposed of.—In the House, several bills were introduced, the most important to provide for a further reduction of the army, and looking to the better protection of the government in the purchase of naval supplies. The death of Mr. B. F. Hopkins, of Wisconsin, was announced, and the customary eulogies were delivered on his character.

February 12.—The Senate was not in session.—In the House, the Legislative Appropriation bill was taken up. An amendment to strike out the appropriation for reporters of the *Globe* was rejected, only three members voting for it. An amendment cutting down the item for printing from $500,000 to $50,000 was also rejected after a prolonged debate. The bill is still under discussion, only about one-fifth having been acted on in Committee of the Whole.

GENERAL NEWS ITEMS.

No business of general interest has been transacted in the New York State Legislature during the week. A large number of bills have been introduced, but mainly of a local character.

On the 7th inst. four Americans, citizens of New York, were fired upon in the streets of Havana by a Spaniard, and one of them, Isaac Greenwald, was killed, while two others were severely wounded. The assassin has since been arrested, and being a sergeant in a volunteer regiment, he is to be tried by court-martial. The murder of Mr. Greenwald appears to have been unprovoked. The outrage was at once communicated to our Government, and proper steps will be taken at once to obtain redress from the Spanish officials in Havana.

The Connecticut Republican State Convention met at Hartford February 9, and nominated candidates for State offices. The resolutions adopted congratulate President Grant and the country on the completion of reconstruction and the adoption of the Fifteenth Amendment, favor the payment of the national debt in coin, and denounce repudiation.

A general order from the head-quarters of the army was promulgated February 8, which, in accordance with the act of January 21, 1870, relieves all retired officers who have been assigned to duty from the 21st inst. Such as have been detailed as professors in colleges may continue in that capacity, if desirable, under any private arrangement with the authorities. Retired officers are also permitted to enter private business, and to change their residence, and travel at their pleasure within the United States.

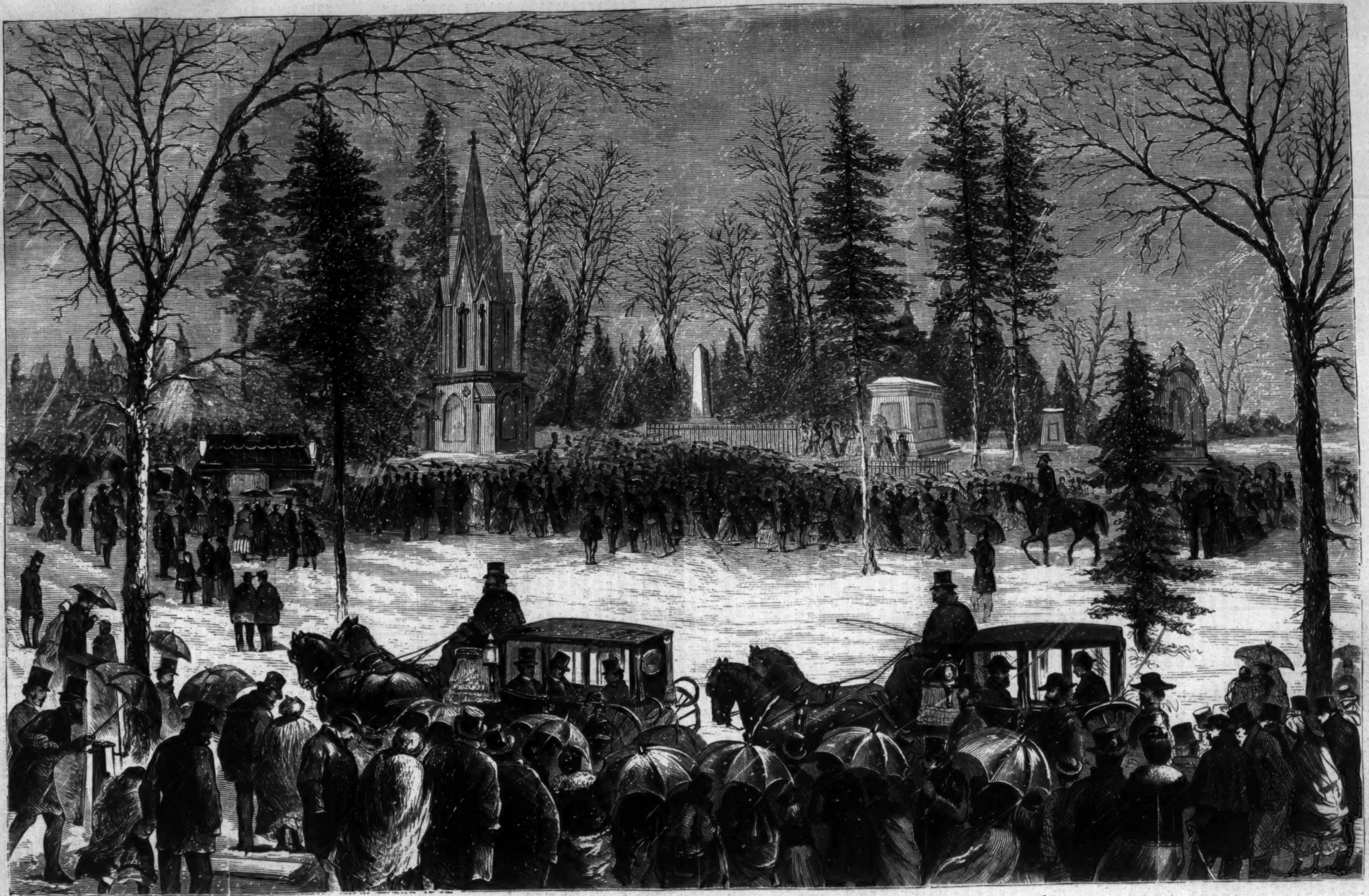
FOREIGN NEWS.

Early on the evening of February 7, M. Rochefort was arrested while on his way to address a political meeting near Belleville. This was the signal for an immense gathering of his friends in that quarter of Paris, and by two o'clock the next morning, under the lead of a man by the name of Flourens, the streets of that section were barricaded, the people taking omnibuses and vehicles from stables. A force of the police attempted to carry one of the barricades, but was repulsed with the loss of one man killed and another wounded. The other barricades were not defended. The insurgents obtained arms from various armories which they pillaged. The troops were out in force, but did not use fire-arms. About three hundred arrests were made, and by noon the city was quiet. Later in the day, however, new and more formidable barricades were erected nearer the centre of the city, which were carried by the military without firing a shot. No further collisions have taken place, and the Government is believed to be master of the situation. Flourens, who started the disorders, fled to Belgium as soon as there was any danger, to save his precious neck. About four hundred persons were arrested, and are now in prison awaiting trial. The Paris police report the discovery of a conspiracy against the life of the Emperor.

A Carlist conspiracy has been discovered in Spain. The Government is said to be fully aware of its plans, but will do nothing until an actual outbreak occurs.

The sessions of the British Parliament opened February 8, when the Queen's Speech was read by a Commission, owing to the indisposition of her Majesty. Among the government measures to be brought forward at the present session are the amendment of Irish land tenure, a bill for the enlargement of the means of national education, and a bill to define the *status* of British subjects who desire naturalization in other countries.

The Russian Home Secretary, in view of the existing popular discontent, has recommended the canceling of all the recent reforms.



BURIAL OF MR. PEABODY'S REMAINS IN HARMONY GROVE CEMETERY.—From a Sketch by J. W. Thyng.—[See Page 133.]

BURIAL OF MR. PEABODY.

The burial of Mr. Peabody's remains took place in Harmony Grove Cemetery, at the town of Peabody, on the 8th of February. The weather in the morning was damp and dull. Snow began falling at nine o'clock; and it was remarked that it stormed when the body was placed on board of the *Monarch* at Portsmouth, when it was landed at Portland, when the funeral ceremonies took place in that city, and again when the final services were held at Peabody. The stormy weather did not prevent the assembling of an immense crowd of people from far and near to witness the ceremonies. Thousands flocked to Peabody by the early trains, and by the time the special train arrived containing Prince Arthur and suit, Minister Thornton, the several British naval officers, Governors Claflin of Massachusetts, Sterns of New Hampshire, Chamberlain of Maine, numerous military officers, and citizens of distinction, the town was crowded with visitors.

On their arrival at Peabody, Prince Arthur and his party were escorted to the residence of Colonel A. A. Abbott, Chairman of the Funeral Committee, and thence, with other visitors, proceeded to the Institute, to inspect the room where the body, removed the previous evening to facilitate the arrangements for the services, had been lying in state. About eleven o'clock the body was borne to the village church, a plain country meeting-house, followed by a long procession in which no particular order was observed. The Prince, in the undress uniform of his regiment, rode to the church with uncovered head.

The interior of the church was appropriately draped in mourning. The recess in which the pulpit partly stands was hung in black, with a great white cross in the centre. This cross was canopied by a wide and heavy fold of black, reaching across the summit of the arch, and bordered on either edge with white; long curtain-like folds at the sides completed the design. The casket containing the body was placed on the communion-table, in front of the pulpit. There were large bouquets of flowers laid thereon, one of which, in the form of a crown, will be preserved and forwarded to Queen Victoria. A cross of white flowers was suspended in the centre, and the body was guarded by four members of the Sutton Guard. The blinds were closed, and the edifice was lighted by gas. The relatives of the deceased were first seated, in one of the centre front pews; Prince Arthur and suit were escorted to seats in the middle of the church, and other distinguished visitors in adjoining pews.

After a voluntary on the organ and other introductory services, Mr. Robert C. Winthrop pronounced a warm and eloquent eulogy on the life and character of Mr. Peabody. During the delivery of the eulogy the speaker, who was a personal friend of the deceased, was visibly affected. By two o'clock in the afternoon the services in the church were ended, and the procession was formed to escort the body to the cemetery. By this time the storm had increased in violence, and the final ceremonies were hurried through under circumstances rather unfavorable to the solemnity which should be observed upon funeral occasions. But, notwithstanding the storm, the procession was pronounced a fine display.

The burying-ground, known as "Harmony Grove," is a beautifully-wooded inclosure, situated about half a mile from the church. At the tomb the United States troops, who headed the procession, opened ranks. The casket was deposited in a tomb by the men who removed it, only the pall-bearers leaving their carriages. This ceremony occupied but a few moments, and the procession then returned to Peabody. Our illustration, on page 132, represents the scene in the cemetery. The body will remain in its present resting-place until the relatives agree upon some spot where a grave may be dug for its permanent reception.

THE PARDONED SENTINEL.

Our engraving on page 136 illustrates a touching incident of the late war, which our readers will not be sorry to have recalled to their remembrance. Early in the rebellion a young sentinel named William Scott, a native of Vermont, was found asleep on his post, at the Chain Bridge near Washington. Several instances of this nature having then recently occurred, it was thought necessary to make an example of Scott. He was accordingly tried by court-martial, and condemned to be shot. At the last moment his case was brought to the attention of President Lincoln, and that most kind-hearted of men, learning that young Scott had always borne a worthy character, demeaning himself as a true and faithful soldier until this one offense against the rules of military discipline, not only pardoned him at once, but, fearing that the pardon might arrive too late if intrusted to other hands, drove himself to the place appointed for the execution, where he arrived just in season to save the young man's life. From that time onward none of his superiors had occasion to find fault with Scott, who, a few months afterward, fell bravely fighting in the trenches before Yorktown. His last words were a prayer that God would bless "good Abraham Lincoln."

This beautiful incident, so honorable to the kind heart of President Lincoln, was made the subject of a ballad by Francis de Haes Janvier, which Mr. Murdoch, the elocutionist, often read with great effect in the soldiers' hospitals. No one ever heard it without being moved to tears.

THE PARAGUAYAN MOTHER.

We give on page 137 an illustration drawn by Sol Eytinge, after a sketch by General M'Mahon, late United States Minister to Paraguay, which represents a touching scene, frequently observed by the General in journeying through that war-worn and desolated land. Describing a journey made a few days after a defeat of the Paraguayan army by the allied forces, he says the road by which he traveled presented one sad stream of migrating families, the women all carrying burdens on the head. In almost all cases each family carried with it an image of the Redeemer, a crucifix, a Mater Dolorosa, or some other token of their religious faith. All along the road-side were newly-erected crosses, marking the graves of those who had fallen by the way in their weary pilgrimage. On many of these graves lay fresh garlands of flowers, and sometimes orphaned children were seen kneeling beside a cross. All who passed these crosses uncovered their heads with a feeling and reverence never seen in this country. Nor was another touching scene much less frequent—a mother walking apart from all others, and bearing on a piece of board, upon her head, the body of her dead child dressed for the grave. Sometimes this simple funeral was followed by a single mourner—another child—whose pinched, pale face and feeble limbs told plainly that the mother would soon have another sad burden to bear to the lonely burial-ground. Nothing could convey a more vivid impression of the abject misery and desolation brought upon the land by war than the frequency of these mournful spectacles.

The scene depicted by our artist was one of many witnessed by General M'Mahon on the journey alluded to above. It was toward evening, and the long shadows of the mother and the child-mourner tottering after her formed the shape of a cross upon the dusty road—an incident happily preserved in our illustration.

AGE OF ANIMALS.

The hare, rabbit, and squirrel, if they escape the gun of the sportsman, seldom outlive the seventh year. The average age of the fox is from twelve to fifteen years, of the cat about fifteen, and of the wolf from fifteen to twenty years. The horse, in a domestic state, does not often live longer than from twenty to twenty-five years, and the ass ranges to about the same period. Old age prostrated "Copenhagen," the famous steed of the Duke of Wellington, at twenty-seven years. But the wild horse is supposed to attain a much greater age; and the extraordinary case is on record of even the domestic animal attaining sixty-two years. Pigs have been known to live through thirty years, but the average term is much less. The roebuck seldom exceeds fifteen years. But great longevity is popularly assigned to the stag or red deer; and naturalists are agreed that his term may go beyond forty years—perhaps to half a century. The camel arrives at maturity in five years, lives to forty or fifty, and occasionally becomes a centenarian.

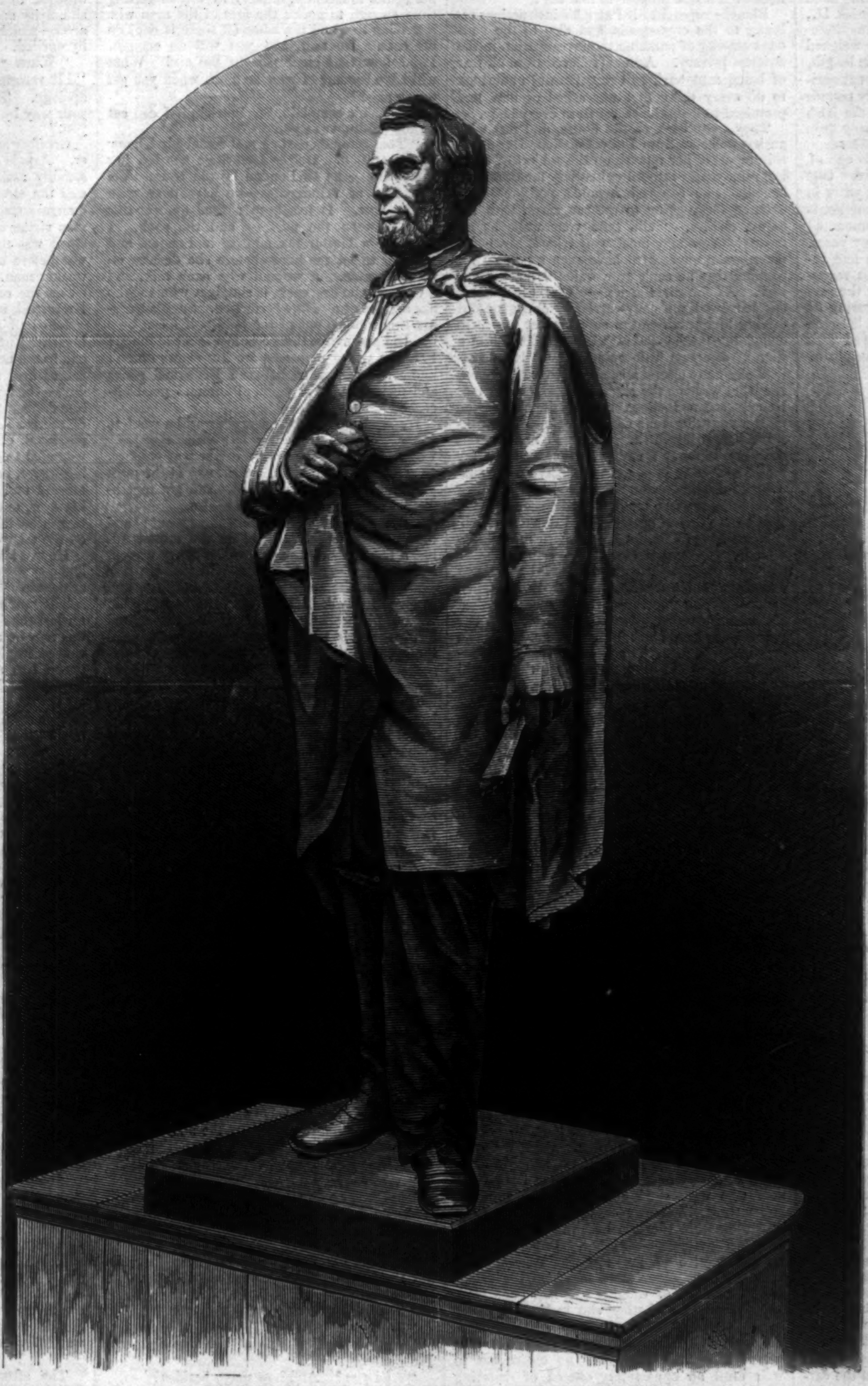
The dog is not so lively as of old in his sixth or seventh year, and has evidently passed the bounds of youth. Gray hairs are here and there upon him at the close of his eighth year, chiefly around his eyes and at the corners of his mouth. Such appearances become more conspicuous to the eleventh or twelfth year, when actual decrepitude usually commences, and increases so rapidly that by the fourteenth year the animal is a burden to himself and a nuisance to others. But dogs have lingered to twenty years.

The average age of sheep does not much exceed ten years; to that period they will usually live, breed, and thrive tolerably well. But there are instances of a much more protracted age. Somerville speaks of a Spanish ram that died at thirteen years old; and a ewe is mentioned that yeaned a pair of lambs when a shearling, had two pairs yearly for fifteen years, and produced single lambs for two years more. Particular sheep are stated to live nearly twenty years—those which the mountain shepherds call "guide-sheep," old wethers which are kept on purpose to direct the bleating flocks in the unfrequented wilds.

Cows have an average age of about fifteen years. Rings on the horns tell the number of their days. At four years old a ring is formed at their roots, and every succeeding year another is added. Thus, by allowing three years before their appearance, and counting the number of rings, the age of the animal is known. It is well for certain members of the human race losing their bloom, who are somewhat sensitive upon the question of age, that there are no definite appearances added with annual precision to their cheeks, revealing to the eye what they keep from the ear.

The bear rarely exceeds twenty years; the rhinoceros has been known to live through that period; and perhaps the lion, though commonly reputed a long-lived animal, does not usually go much beyond it. There are, however, instances of lions reaching to threescore years and ten. Pompey, who died in the Tower of London in 1760, was nearly an octogenarian, or upward of seventy years old. Of all the terrestrial mammalia, the elephant seems to be the longest liver, sometimes passing the century; and a much greater age is reported to have been attained by a distinguished individual. When Alexander the Great invaded the dominions of Porus, one of the rajahs of Upper India, he took a great elephant from the conquered prince, named him Ajax, dedicated him to the sun, and let him go with this inscription, "Alexander, the son of Jupiter, hath dedicated Ajax to the Sun." The animal is said to have been found with the inscription three hundred and fifty years afterward. It need hardly be remarked, to prevent full credence being given to this relation, that it rests upon the very dubious authority of ancient times, though still repeated unsuspectingly in many popular zoologies. However, the elephant, if not the king of beasts, is entitled to be considered somewhat of a patriarch among them.

The "wide-ruling eagle," the king of birds, surpasses most of the feathered tribes in his term of life. One kept at Vienna died after a confinement of a hundred and four years. The raven has also the reputation of being a centenarian. On an ancient oak near Selborne a pair fixed their residence for such a series of years that it came to be distinguished by the title of the raven-tree. But swans occasionally survive



THE NEW LINCOLN STATUE FOR UNION SQUARE, NEW YORK.

STATUE OF ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

We give above a picture of the bronze statue of Abraham Lincoln by the distinguished artist, Mr. H. K. Brown, which is to be placed opposite the equestrian statue of Washington, by the same artist, at the lower end of Union Square, in this city. In some respects this statue is an improvement upon the one executed by the same artist for Prospect Park, Brooklyn, of which we gave an engraving in the *Weekly* for November 13, 1869. The attitude and expression are full of dignity and repose, and the work reflects great credit upon the artist.

The statue was cast at the foundry of Messrs. Robert Wood & Co., of Philadelphia, to which the public is indebted for many works of great artistic excellence, one of the principal of which is the cast of the statue of a "Citizen Soldier," by Mr. Quincy Ward, of this city, for the New York Central Park.

to a century and a half and even longer. The melody of the dying swan, once popularly believed, is well known to exist only in the mythology of the ancients.

Among fishes, the carp is notorious for the remarkable tenacity with which it clings to life. In the canals of Chantilly, formerly the seat of the Prince of Condé, carps have been kept for more than a hundred years, most of them appearing hoary through old age, and so tame that they came at the call of the keeper to be fed. The pike, from remote antiquity, has been considered a long liver; and modern observation confirms this testimony of the elder Pliny. One ninety years old is mentioned by Pennant, but the most extraordinary example of its longevity is related by Gesner. In the year 1497 a pike was taken at Thailbrun, in Suabia, with a brazen ring attached to it, on which was engraved the inscription in Greek characters, "I am the fish that was first of all put into this lake by the hand of the Governor of the Universe—Frederick II., the 5th of October, 1250." The fish was therefore 247 years old, and is said to have weighed 350 pounds. Its skeleton, nineteen feet in length, was long preserved at Manheim as a great curiosity in natural history. Pike of seventy pounds weight have been taken from some of the Irish lakes, and must obviously have seen many days in comparison with those of their congeners.

The great longevity of the tortoise is one of the best established facts of this nature. One lived upward of a hundred and twenty years in the garden of Lambeth Palace. But another is recorded at Peterborough whose age amounted to not less than two hundred and twenty years. Bishop Marsh's predecessor in the see had remembered it above sixty years, without recognizing any visible change, and he was the seventh prelate who had worn the mitre during its sojourn there. The tortoise weighed between thirteen and fourteen pounds, and moved with apparent ease, though pressed with a weight of eighteen stone.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1869, by HARPER & BROTHERS, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States, for the Southern District of New York.]

MAN AND WIFE.

By WILKIE COLLINS,

Author of "The Woman in White," "No Name," "The Moonstone," etc., etc.

WITH ORIGINAL ILLUSTRATIONS.

CHAPTER THE TWENTY-THIRD.

TRACED.

THE chaise rattled out through the gates. The dogs barked furiously. Sir Patrick looked round, and waved his hand as he turned the corner of the road. Blanche was left alone in the yard.

She lingered a little, absently patting the dogs. They had especial claims on her sympathy at that moment; they, too, evidently thought it hard to be left behind at the house. After a while she roused herself. Sir Patrick had left the responsibility of superintending the cross-roads on her shoulders. There was something to be done yet before the arrangements for tracing Anne were complete. Blanche left the yard to do it.

On her way back to the house she met Arnold, dispatched by Lady Lundie in search of her.

The plan of occupation for the afternoon had been settled during Blanche's absence. Some demon had whispered to Lady Lundie to cultivate a taste for feudal antiquities, and to insist on spreading that taste among her guests. She had proposed an excursion to an old baronial castle among the hills—far to the westward (fortunately for Sir Patrick's chance of escaping discovery) of the hills at Craig Fernie. Some of the guests were to ride, and some to accompany their hostess in the open carriage. Looking right and left for proselytes, Lady Lundie had necessarily remarked the disappearance of certain members of her circle. Mr. Delamayn had vanished, nobody knew where. Sir Patrick and Blanche had followed his example. Her ladyship had observed, upon this, with some asperity, that if they were all to treat each other in that unceremonious manner, the sooner Windygates was turned into a Penitentiary, on the silent system, the fitter the house would be for the people who inhabited it. Under these circumstances, Arnold suggested that Blanche would do well to make her excuses as soon as possible at head-quarters, and accept the seat in the carriage which her step-mother wished her to take. "We are in for the feudal antiquities, Blanche; and we must help each other through as well as we can. If you will go in the carriage, I'll go too."

Blanche shook her head.

"There are serious reasons for *my* keeping up appearances," she said. "I shall go in the carriage. You mustn't go at all."

Arnold naturally looked a little surprised, and asked to be favored with an explanation.

Blanche took his arm and hugged it close. Now that Anne was lost, Arnold was more precious to her than ever. She literally hungered to hear at that moment, from his own lips, how fond he was of her. It mattered nothing that she was already perfectly satisfied on this point. It was so nice (after he had said it five hundred times already) to make him say it once more!

"Suppose I had no explanation to give?" she said. "Would you stay behind by yourself to please *me?*"

"I would do any thing to please you!"

"Do you really love me as much as that?"

They were still in the yard; and the only witnesses present were the dogs. Arnold answered in the language without words—which is nevertheless the most expressive language in use, between men and women, all over the world.

"This is not doing my duty," said Blanche, penitently. "But, oh Arnold, I am so anxious and so miserable! And it *is* such a consolation to know that *you* won't turn your back on me too!"

With that preface she told him what had happened in the library. Even Blanche's estimate of her lover's capacity for sympathizing with her was more than realized by the effect which her narrative produced on Arnold. He was not merely surprised and sorry for her. His face showed plainly that he felt genuine concern and distress. He had never stood higher in Blanche's opinion than he stood at that moment.

"What is to be done?" he asked. "How does Sir Patrick propose to find her?"

Blanche repeated Sir Patrick's instructions relating to the cross-roads, and also to the serious necessity of pursuing the investigation in the strictest privacy. Arnold (relieved from all fear of being sent back to Craig Fernie) undertook to do every thing that was asked of him, and promised to keep the secret from every body.

They went back to the house, and met with an icy welcome from Lady Lundie. Her ladyship repeated her remark on the subject of turning Windygates into a Penitentiary for Blanche's benefit. She received Arnold's petition to be excused from going to see the castle with the barest civility. "Oh, take your walk by all means! You may meet your friend, Mr. Delamayn—who appears to have such a passion for walking that he can't even wait till luncheon is over. As for Sir Patrick— Oh! Sir Patrick has borrowed the pony-carriage? and gone out driving by himself?—I'm sure I never meant to offend my brother-in-law when I offered him a slice of my poor little cake. Don't let me offend any body else. Dispose of your afternoon, Blanche, without the slightest reference to me. Nobody seems inclined to visit the ruins—the most interesting relic of feudal times in Perthshire, Mr. Brinkworth. It doesn't matter—oh, dear me, it doesn't matter! I can't force my guests to feel an intelligent curiosity on the subject of Scottish Antiquities. No! no! my dear Blanche!—it won't be the first time, or the last, that I have driven out alone. I don't at all object to being alone. 'My mind to me a kingdom is,' as the poet says." So Lady Lundie's outraged self-importance asserted its violated claims on human respect, until her distinguished medical guest came to the rescue and smoothed his hostess's ruffled plumes. The surgeon (he privately detested ruins) begged to go. Blanche begged to go. Smith and Jones (profoundly interested in feudal antiquities) said they would sit behind, in the "rumble"—rather than miss this unexpected treat. One, Two, and Three caught the infection, and volunteered to be the escort on horseback. Lady Lundie's celebrated "smile" (warranted to remain unaltered on her face for hours together) made its appearance once more. She issued her orders with the most charming amiability. "We'll take the guide-book," said her ladyship, with the eye to mean economy, which is only to be met with in very rich people, "and save a shilling to the man who shows the ruins." With that she went up stairs to array herself for the drive; and looked in the glass; and saw a perfectly virtuous, fascinating, and accomplished woman, facing her irresistibly in a new French bonnet!

At a private signal from Blanche, Arnold slipped out and repaired to his post, where the roads crossed the road that led to the railway.

There was a space of open heath on one side of him, and the stone-wall and gates of a farm-house inclosure on the other. Arnold sat down on the soft heather—and lit a cigar—and tried to see his way through the double mystery of Anne's appearance and Anne's flight.

He had interpreted his friend's absence exactly as his friend had anticipated: he could only assume that Geoffrey had gone to keep a private appointment with Anne. Miss Silvester's appearance at Windygates alone, and Miss Silvester's anxiety to hear the names of the gentlemen who were staying in the house, seemed, under these circumstances, to point to the plain conclusion that the two had, in some way, unfortunately missed each other. But what could be the motive of her flight? Whether she knew of some other place in which she might meet Geoffrey? or whether she had gone back to the inn? or whether she had acted under some sudden impulse of despair?—were questions which Arnold was necessarily quite incompetent to solve. There was no choice but to wait until an opportunity offered of reporting what had happened to Geoffrey himself.

After the lapse of half an hour, the sound of some approaching vehicle—the first sound of the sort that he had heard—attracted Arnold's attention. He started up, and saw the pony-chaise approaching him along the road from the station. Sir Patrick, this time, was compelled to drive himself—Duncan was not with him. On discovering Arnold, he stopped the pony.

"So! so!" said the old gentleman. "You have heard all about it, I see? You understand that this is to be a secret from every body, till further notice? Very good. Has any thing happened since you have been here?"

"Nothing. Have you made any discoveries, Sir Patrick?"

"None. I got to the station before the train. No signs of Miss Silvester any where. I have left Duncan on the watch—with orders not to stir till the last train has passed to-night."

"I don't think she will turn up at the station," said Arnold. "I fancy she has gone back to Craig Fernie."

"Quite possible. I am now on my way to Craig Fernie, to make inquiries about her. I don't know how long I may be detained, or what it may lead to. If you see Blanche before I do, tell her I have instructed the station-master to let me know (if Miss Silvester does take the railway) what place she books for. Thanks to that arrangement, we sha'n't have to wait for news till Duncan can telegraph that he has seen her to her journey's end. In the mean time, you understand what you are wanted to do here?"

"Blanche has explained every thing to me."

"Stick to your post, and make good use of your eyes. You were accustomed to that, you know, when you were at sea. It's no great hardship to pass a few hours in this delicious summer air. I see you have contracted the vile modern habit of smoking—that will be occupation enough to amuse you, no doubt! Keep the roads in view; and, if she does come your way, don't attempt to stop her—you can't do that. Speak to her (quite innocently, mind!), by way of getting time enough to notice the face of the man who is driving her, and the name (if there is one) on his cart. Do that, and you will do enough. Pah! how that cigar poisons the air! What will have become of your stomach when you get to my age?"

"I sha'n't complain, Sir Patrick, if I can eat as good a dinner as you do."

"That reminds me! I met somebody I knew at the station. Hester Dethridge has left her place, and gone to London by the train. We may feed at Windygates—we have done with dining now. It has been a final quarrel this time between the mistress and the cook. I have given Hester my address in London, and told her to let me know before she decides on another place. A woman who *can't* talk, and a woman who *can* cook, is simply a woman who has arrived at absolute perfection. Such a treasure shall not go out of the family, if I can help it. Did you notice the Béchamel sauce at lunch? Pooh! a young man who smokes cigars doesn't know the difference between Béchamel sauce and melted butter. Good afternoon! good afternoon!"

He slackened the reins, and away he went to Craig Fernie. Counting by years, the pony was twenty, and the pony's driver was seventy. Counting by vivacity and spirit, two of the most youthful characters in Scotland had got together that afternoon in the same chaise.

An hour more wore itself slowly out; and nothing had passed Arnold on the cross-roads but a few stray foot-passengers, a heavy wagon, and a gig with an old woman in it. He rose again from the heather, weary of inaction, and resolved to walk backward and forward, within view of his post, for a change. At the second turn, when his face happened to be set toward the open heath, he noticed another foot-passenger—apparently a man—far away in the empty distance. Was the person coming toward him?

He advanced a little. The stranger was doubtless advancing too, so rapidly did his figure now reveal itself, beyond all doubt, as the figure of a man. A few minutes more, and Arnold fancied he recognized it. Yet a little longer, and he was quite sure. There was no mistaking the lithe strength and grace of *that* man, and the smooth easy swiftness with which he covered his ground. It was the hero of the coming foot-race. It was Geoffrey on his way back to Windygates House.

Arnold hurried forward to meet him. Geoffrey stood still, poising himself on his stick, and let the other come up.

"Have you heard what has happened at the house?" asked Arnold.

He instinctively checked the next question as it rose to his lips. There was a settled defiance in the expression of Geoffrey's face, which Arnold was quite at a loss to understand. He looked like a man who had made up his mind to confront any thing that could happen, and to contradict any body who spoke to him.

"Something seems to have annoyed you?" said Arnold.

"What's up at the house?" returned Geoffrey, with his loudest voice and his hardest look.

"Miss Silvester has been at the house."

"Who saw her?"

"Nobody but Blanche."

"Well?"

"Well, she was miserably weak and ill, so ill that she fainted, poor thing, in the library. Blanche brought her to."

"And what then?"

"We were all at lunch at the time. Blanche left the library, to speak privately to her uncle. When she went back Miss Silvester was gone, and nothing has been seen of her since."

"A row at the house?"

"Nobody knows of it at the house, except Blanche—"

"And you? And how many besides?"

"And Sir Patrick. Nobody else."

"Nobody else? Any thing more?"

Arnold remembered his promise to keep the investigation then on foot a secret from every body. Geoffrey's manner made him—unconsciously to himself—readier than he might otherwise have been to consider Geoffrey as included in the general prohibition.

"Nothing more," he answered.

Geoffrey dug the point of his stick deep into the soft, sandy ground. He looked at the stick, then suddenly pulled it out of the ground and looked at Arnold. "Good-afternoon!" he said, and went on his way again by himself.

Arnold followed, and stopped him. For a moment the two men looked at each other without a word passing on either side. Arnold spoke first.

"You're out of humor, Geoffrey. What has upset you in this way? Have you and Miss Silvester missed each other?"

Geoffrey was silent.

"Have you seen her since she left Windygates?"

No reply.

"Do you know where Miss Silvester is now?"

Still no reply. Still the same mutely-insolent defiance of look and manner. Arnold's dark color began to deepen.

"Why don't you answer me?" he said.

"Because I have had enough of it."

"Enough of what?"

"Enough of being worried about Miss Silvester. Miss Silvester's my business—not yours."

"Gently, Geoffrey! Don't forget that I have been mixed up in that business—without seeking it myself."

"There's no fear of my forgetting. You have cast it in my teeth often enough."

"Cast it in your teeth?"

"Yes! Am I never to hear the last of my obligation to you? The devil take the obligation! I'm sick of the sound of it."

There was a spirit in Arnold—not easily brought to the surface, through the overlying simplicity and good-humor of his ordinary character—which, once roused, was a spirit not readily quelled. Geoffrey had roused it at last.

"When you come to your senses," he said, "I'll remember old times—and receive your apology. Till you *do* come to your senses, go your way by yourself. I have no more to say to you."

Geoffrey set his teeth, and came one step nearer. Arnold's eyes met his, with a look which steadily and firmly challenged him—though he *was* the stronger man of the two—to force the quarrel a step further, if he dared. The one human virtue which Geoffrey respected and understood was the virtue of courage. And there it was before him—the undeniable courage of the weaker man. The callous scoundrel was touched on the one tender place in his whole being. He turned, and went on his way in silence.

Left by himself, Arnold's head dropped on his breast. The friend who had saved his life—the one friend he possessed, who was associated with his earliest and happiest remembrances of old days—had grossly insulted him; and had left him deliberately, without the slightest expression of regret. Arnold's affectionate nature—simple, loyal, clinging where it once fastened—was wounded to the quick. Geoffrey's fast-retreating figure, in the open view before him, became blurred and indistinct. He put his hand over his eyes, and hid, with a boyish shame, the hot tears that told of the heartache, and that honored the man who shed them.

He was still struggling with the emotion which had overpowered him, when something happened at the place where the roads met.

The four roads pointed as nearly as might be toward the four points of the compass. Arnold was now on the road to the eastward, having advanced in that direction to meet Geoffrey, between two and three hundred yards from the farm-house inclosure before which he had kept his watch. The road to the westward, curving away behind the farm, led to the nearest market-town. The road to the south was the way to the station. And the road to the north led back to Windygates House.

While Geoffrey was still fifty yards from the turning which would take him back to Windygates—while the tears were still standing thickly in Arnold's eyes—the gate of the farm inclosure opened. A light four-wheel chaise came out, with a man driving, and a woman sitting by his side. The woman was Anne Silvester, and the man was the owner of the farm.

Instead of taking the way which led to the station, the chaise pursued the westward road to the market-town. Proceeding in this direction, the backs of the persons in the vehicle were necessarily turned on Geoffrey, advancing behind them from the eastward. He just carelessly noticed the shabby little chaise, and then turned off north on his way to Windygates.

By the time Arnold was composed enough to look round him, the chaise had taken the curve in the road which wound behind the farm-house. He returned—faithful to the engagement which he had undertaken—to his post before the inclosure. The chaise was then a speck in the distance. In a minute more it was a speck out of sight.

So (to use Sir Patrick's phrase) had the woman broken through difficulties which would have stopped a man. So, in her sore need, had Anne Silvester won the sympathy which had given her a place, by the farmer's side, in the vehicle that took him on his own business to the market-town. And so, by a hair's-breadth, did she escape the treble risk of discovery which threatened her—from Geoffrey, on his way back; from Arnold, at his post; and from the valet, on the watch for her appearance at the station.

The afternoon wore on. The servants at Windygates, airing themselves in the grounds—in the absence of their mistress and her guests—were disturbed, for the moment, by the unexpected return of one of "the gentlefolks." Mr. Geoffrey Delamayn reappeared at the house, alone; went straight to the smoking-room; and calling for another supply of the old ale, settled himself in an arm-chair with the newspaper, and began to smoke.

He soon tired of reading, and fell into thinking of what had happened during the latter part of his walk.

The prospect before him had more than realized the most sanguine anticipations that he could have formed of it. He had braced himself—after what had happened in the library—to face the outbreak of a serious scandal, on his return to the house. And here—when he came back—was nothing to face! Here were three people (Sir Patrick, Arnold, and Blanche) who must at least know that Anne was in some serious trouble, keeping the secret as carefully as if they felt that his interests were at stake! And, more wonderful still, here was Anne herself—so far from raising a hue and cry after him—actually taking flight, without saying a word that could compromise him with any living soul!

What in the name of wonder did it mean? He did his best to find his way to an explanation of some sort; and he actually contrived to account for the silence of Blanche and her uncle, and Arnold. It was pretty clear that they must have all three combined to keep Lady Lundie in ignorance of her runaway governess's return to the house.

But the secret of Anne's silence completely baffled him.

He was simply incapable of conceiving that the horror of seeing herself set up as an obstacle to Blanche's marriage might have been vivid enough to overpower all sense of her own wrongs, and to hurry her away, resolute, in her ignorance of what else to do, never to return again, and never to let living eyes rest on her in the character of Arnold's wife. "It's clean beyond *my* making out," was the final conclusion at which Geoffrey arrived. "If it's her interest to hold her tongue, it's my interest to hold mine, and there's an end of it for the present!"

He put up his feet on a chair, and rested his magnificent muscles after his walk, and filled another pipe, in thorough contentment with himself. No interference to dread from Anne, no more awkward questions (on the terms they were on now) to come from Arnold. He looked back at the quarrel on the heath with a certain complacency—he did his friend justice, though they *had* disagreed. "Who would have thought the fellow had so much pluck in him!" he said to himself as he struck the match and lit his second pipe.

An hour more wore on; and Sir Patrick was the next person who returned.

He was thoughtful, but in no sense depressed. Judging by appearances, his errand to Craig Fernie had certainly not ended in disappointment. The old gentleman hummed his favorite little Scotch air—rather absently, perhaps—and took his pinch of snuff from the knob of his ivory cane much as usual. He went to the library bell and summoned a servant.

"Any body been here for me?"—"No, Sir Patrick."—"No letters?"—"No, Sir Patrick."—"Very well. Come up stairs to my room, and help me on with my dressing-gown." The man helped him to his dressing-gown and slippers. "Is Miss Lundie at home?"—"No, Sir Patrick. They're all away with my lady on an excursion."—"Very good. Get me a cup of coffee; and wake me half an hour before dinner, in case I take a nap." The servant went out. Sir Patrick stretched himself on the sofa. "Ay! ay! a little aching in the back, and a certain stiffness in the legs. I dare say the pony feels just as I do. Age, I suppose, in both cases? Well! well! well! let's try and be young at heart. 'The rest' (as Pope says) 'is leather and prunella.'" He returned resignedly to his little Scotch air. The servant came in with the coffee. And then the room was quiet, except for the low humming of insects and the gentle rustling of the creepers at the window. For five minutes or so Sir Patrick sipped his coffee, and meditated—by no means in the character of a man who was depressed by any recent disappointment. In five minutes more he was asleep.

A little later, and the party returned from the ruins.

With the one exception of their lady-leader, the whole expedition was depressed—Smith and Jones, in particular, being quite speechless. Lady Lundie alone still met feudal antiquities with a cheerful front. She had cheated the man who showed the ruins of his shilling, and she was thoroughly well satisfied with herself. Her voice was flute-like in its melody, and the celebrated "smile" had never been in better order. "Deeply interesting!" said her ladyship, descending from the carriage with ponderous grace, and addressing herself to Geoffrey, lounging under the portico of the house. "You have had a loss, Mr. Delamayn. The next time you go out for a walk, give your hostess a word of warning, and you won't repent it." Blanche (looking very weary and anxious) questioned the servant, the moment she got in, about Arnold and her uncle. Sir Patrick was invisible up stairs. Mr. Brinkworth had not come back. It wanted only twenty minutes of dinner-time; and full evening-dress was insisted on at Windygates. Blanche, nevertheless, still lingered in the hall in the hope of seeing Arnold before she went up stairs. The hope was realized. As the clock struck the quarter he came in. And he, too, was out of spirits like the rest!

"Have you seen her?" asked Blanche.

"No," said Arnold, in the most perfect good faith. "The way she has escaped by is not the way by the cross-roads—I answer for that."

They separated to dress. When the party assembled again, in the library, before dinner, Blanche found her way, the moment he entered the room, to Sir Patrick's side.

"News, uncle! I'm dying for news."

"Good news, my dear—so far."

"You have found Anne?"

"Not exactly that."

"You have heard of her at Craig Fernie?"

"I have made some important discoveries at Craig Fernie, Blanche. Hush! here's your step-mother. Wait till after dinner, and you may hear more than I can tell you now. There may be news from the station between this and then."

The dinner was a wearisome ordeal to at least two other persons present besides Blanche. Arnold, sitting opposite to Geoffrey, without exchanging a word with him, felt the altered relations between his former friend and himself very painfully. Sir Patrick, missing the skilled hand of Hester Dethridge in every dish that was offered to him, marked the dinner among the wasted opportunities of his life, and resented his sister-in-law's flow of spirits as something simply inhuman under present circumstances. Blanche followed Lady Lundie into the drawing-room in a state of burning impatience for the rising of the gentlemen from their wine. Her step-mother—mapping out a new antiquarian excursion for the next day, and finding Blanche's ears closed to her occasional remarks on baronial Scotland five hundred years since—lamented, with satirical emphasis, the absence of an intelligent companion of her own sex; and stretched her majestic figure on the sofa to wait until an audience worthy of her flowed in from the dining-room. Before very long—so soothing is the influence of an after-dinner view of feudal antiquities, taken through the medium of an approving conscience—Lady Lundie's eyes closed; and from Lady Lundie's nose there poured, at intervals, a sound, deep, like her ladyship's learning; regular, like her ladyship's habits—a sound associated with night-caps and bedrooms; evoked alike by Nature, the leveler, from high and low—the sound (oh, Truth, what enormities find publicity in thy name!)—the sound of a Snore.

Free to do as she pleased, Blanche left the echoes of the drawing-room in undisturbed enjoyment of Lady Lundie's audible repose.

She went into the library, and turned over the novels. Went out again, and looked across the hall at the dining-room door. Would the men never have done talking their politics and drinking their wine? She went up to her own room, and changed her ear-rings, and scolded her maid. Descended once more—and made an alarming discovery in a dark corner of the hall.

Two men were standing there, hat in hand, whispering to the butler. The butler, leaving them, went into the dining-room—came out again with Sir Patrick—and said to the two men, "Step this way, please." The two men came out into the light. Murdoch, the station-master; and Duncan, the valet! News of Anne!

"Oh, uncle, let me stay!" pleaded Blanche.

Sir Patrick hesitated. It was impossible to say—as matters stood at that moment—what distressing intelligence the two men might not have brought of the missing woman. Duncan's return, accompanied by the station-master, looked serious. Blanche instantly penetrated the secret of her uncle's hesitation. She turned pale, and caught him by the arm. "Don't send me away," she whispered. "I can bear any thing but suspense."

"Out with it!" said Sir Patrick, holding his niece's hand. "Is she found or not?"

"She's gone by the up-train," said the station-master. "And we know where."

Sir Patrick breathed freely; Blanche's color came back. In different ways, the relief to both of them was equally great.

"You had my orders to follow her," said Sir Patrick to Duncan. "Why have you come back?"

"Your man is not to blame, Sir," interposed the station-master. "The lady took the train at Kirkandrew."

Sir Patrick started, and looked at the station-master. "Ay? ay? The next station—the market-town. Inexcusably stupid of me. I never thought of that."

"I took the liberty of telegraphing your description of the lady to Kirkandrew, Sir Patrick, in case of accidents."

"I stand corrected, Mr. Murdoch. Your head, in this matter, has been the sharper head of the two. Well?"

"There's the answer, Sir."

Sir Patrick and Blanche read the telegram together.

"Kirkandrew. Up train. 7.40 P.M. Lady as described. No luggage. Bag in her hand. Traveling alone. Ticket—second-class. Place—Edinburgh."

"Edinburgh!" repeated Blanche. "Oh, uncle! we shall lose her in a great place like that!"

"We shall find her, my dear; and you shall see how. Duncan, get me pen, ink, and paper. Mr. Murdoch, you are going back to the station, I suppose?"

"Yes, Sir Patrick."

"I will give you a telegram, to be sent at once to Edinburgh."

He wrote a carefully-worded telegraphic message, and addressed it to The Sheriff of Mid-Lothian.

"The Sheriff is an old friend of mine," he explained to his niece. "And he is now in Edinburgh. Long before the train gets to the terminus he will receive this personal description of Miss Silvester, with my request to have all her movements carefully watched till further notice. The police are entirely at his disposal, and the best men will be selected for the purpose. I have asked for an answer by telegraph. Keep a special messenger ready for it at the station, Mr. Murdoch. Thank you; good-evening. Duncan, get your supper, and make yourself comfortable. Blanche, my dear, go back to the drawing-room, and expect us in to tea immediately. You will know where your friend is before you go to bed to-night."

With those comforting words he returned to the gentlemen. In ten minutes more they all appeared in the drawing-room; and Lady Lundie (firmly persuaded that she had never closed her eyes) was back again in baronial Scotland five hundred years since.

Blanche, watching her opportunity, caught her uncle alone.

"Now for your promise," she said. "You have made some important discoveries at Craig Fernie. What are they?"

Sir Patrick's eye turned toward Geoffrey, dozing in an arm-chair in a corner of the room. He showed a certain disposition to trifle with the curiosity of his niece.

"After the discovery we have already made," he said, "can't you wait, my dear, till we get the telegram from Edinburgh?"

"That is just what it's impossible for me to do! The telegram won't come for hours yet. I want something to go on with in the mean time."

She seated herself on a sofa in the corner opposite Geoffrey, and pointed to the vacant place by her side.

Sir Patrick had promised—Sir Patrick had no choice but to keep his word. After another look at Geoffrey, he took the vacant place by his niece.

HERS OR MINE?

MY sweet-heart's eyes, they're bonny and blue,
Ah me!
But he's slow to wed who was swift to woo,
Ah me!
Am I less tender, or is he less true?

Down in the valley, a year ago,
Ah me!
He plucked me a lily as fresh as snow,
Ah me!
And he kissed me as never he'd let me go.

But the lily leaves fell out of my hair,
Ah me!
Or ever his hand had fastened it there,
Ah me!
And a brown bird twittered "Beware! beware!"

We stood together again to-day,
Ah me!
Just where he kissed into Yes my Nay,
Ah me!
He hung his head and had naught to say.

Mignon's eyes have a sunny shine,
Ah me!
And Mignon's cheeks are fresher than mine,
Ah me!
For I get paler because I pine.

The dove has forgotten his last-year's nest,
Ah me!
And it's his new love that he loves the best,
Ah me!
My heart lies like a stone in my breast.

HOWARD GLYNDON.

AN INDIAN LEGEND.

WHEN the lofty and barren mountain was first lifted into the sky, and from its elevation looked down on the plains below, and saw the valley and the less elevations covered with verdant and fruitful trees, it sent up to Brahma something like a murmur of complaint: "Why thus barren? Why these scarred and naked sides exposed to the eye of man?" And Brahma answered, "The very light shall clothe thee, and the shadow of the passing cloud shall be as a royal mantle. More verdure would be less light. Thou shalt share in the azure of heaven, and the youngest and whitest cloud of a summer's sky shall nestle in thy bosom. Thou belongest half to us." So was the mountain dowered. And so, too, adds the legend, have the loftiest minds of men been dowered in all ages. To lower elevations have been given the pleasant verdure, the vine and olive. Light—light alone, and the deep shadow of the passing cloud, these are the gifts of the prophets of the race.

DEATH BY BEHEADING.

THE execution of Traupmann in Paris has revived the old question whether death instantaneously follows upon the severance of the head from the body. Dr. Pinel asserts that decapitation does not immediately affect the brain. The blood which flows after decapitation comes from the large vessels of the neck, and there is hardly any call upon the circulation of the cranium. The brain remains intact, nourishing itself with the blood retained by the pressure of the air. When the blood remaining in the head at the moment of separation is exhausted, there commences a state, not of death but of inertia, which lasts up to the moment when the organ, no longer fed, ceases to exist. Dr. Pinel estimates that the brain finds nourishment in the residuary blood for about an hour after decapitation. The period of inertia would last for about two hours, and absolute death would not ensue till after the space of three hours altogether. If, he adds, a bodiless head indicates by no movement the horror of its situation, it is because it is physically impossible that it should do so, all the nerves which serve for the transmission of orders from the brain to the trunk being severed. But there remain the nerves of hearing, of smell, and of sight.

We are told that the face of Charlotte Corday blushed at the insults of her executioners; and Samson, an executioner who flourished during the reign of terror, asserted that the head of a priest named Gardieu bit that of a Girondin of the name of Lacaze, which had been put into the same sack. Of course these stories are mere popular accounts of phenomena easily accounted for; but the doctors Ségaret and Sue affirm, with reason, that pain can be felt for twenty minutes after the execution, and cite the following experiments: Two human heads were placed in the rays of the sun, and the eyelids, which had been opened, were immediately shut; and the head of an assassin named Terrier, which was experimented upon more than a quarter of an hour after having been separated from the body, turned its eyes when asked. Dr. Ménessier, who has made this subject his special study, cites a curious experiment made on the head of a calf. A calf was hanged in a slaughter-house, in Paris, and its head cut off with a knife, the operation lasting about half a minute. The head was immediately placed upon a table, and in the space of six minutes lost two ounces and a half of blood. During the first minute all the muscles of the face and neck were agitated by rapid and irregular convulsions. During the two following minutes the convulsions assumed a different character. The tongue protruded from the mouth, which opened and closed alternately. The nostrils were dilated in a similar manner to those of an animal breathing with difficulty, the convulsions becoming more violent on pricking the tongue with a needle. On approaching the finger to the eye in the direction of the pupil, at the distance of an inch, the eye closed precipitately, and reopened an instant after, as though it wished to avoid the shock of a foreign body. This experiment was repeated several times, until the eye only closed on the eyelid being touched. At the end of the fourth minute the convulsions had entirely ceased, and were only renewed on the spinal marrow being pierced at the back of the neck with a dagger; the eye still remained insensible to every thing; and at the end of the sixth minute all was over.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

A CANADIAN clergyman not long since was called upon by an Irish girl, who asked how much he charged for marrying any body. He replied, "A dollar and a half," and Biddy departed. A few evenings later, on being summoned to the door, he was accosted by the same person, with the remark that she had come to be married. "Very well," said the minister; but perceiving with astonishment that she was alone, he continued, "Where is the man?" "And don't you find the man for a dollar and a half?"

"Silence in the court-room there," thundered a police magistrate, the other morning; "the court has already committed four prisoners without being able to hear a word of the testimony."

"Lenny, you're a pig," said a father to a little five-year-old boy. "Now do you know what a pig is, Lenny?" "Yes, Sir; a pig's a hog's little boy."

"Do you believe in second love, Mister M'Quade?" "Do I believe in second love? Humph! If a man buys a pound of sugar, isn't it swate? and when it's gone, don't he want another pound, and isn't that swate too? Troth, Murphy, I do believe in second love."

A CONSTANT FRIEND—A life-long Quaker.

SKATING WITH THE GIRLS.

Come, girls, get on your jockey hats,
Dress in your skating suits,
Be sure to lace up snugly
Your pretty little boots;
And we will all go skating,
For the ice is clear and bright,
The moon will soon be up, my dears,
We'll have a lovely night.

Then soon we're off, a little hand
Tucked snugly 'neath each arm,
While all the boys are making love,
And keeping darlings warm.
Oh! don't you think it's jolly,
Mixing up one's self with curls,
And going off on moonlight nights,
Skating with the girls!

But when it comes to putting on—
Lord love us, ain't it nice
To hold the darling's pretty foot!
You have to be precise,
For oft the skate won't snugly fit;
So with many twists and twirls,
How long it takes the putting on
The skates of pretty girls!

The foot's so small, so very trim,
The boot so high and neat;
Perhaps a glimpse of stockings white
May cause your heart to beat!
It takes so long to put on skates
Of pretty ones with curls;
And yet, we wish we always could
Go skating with the girls!

A little girl who was sent out to hunt eggs thought it strange she did not find any, as there were several hens "standing about doing nothing!"

An absent-minded old bachelor is in the habit, when he comes home to tea, of putting the kettle on the stove, and taking a snooze until the kettle begins to sing, when he would get up and make his tea. The other evening, being a little prostrated on account of old Simpkins's daughter "cutting" him on the street, he put the kettle on the lounge and got on the stove himself, and never discovered his mistake until he began to sing.

At a recent lecture Professor X—— stated that Saturn had a ring six thousand miles broad. "Be jabers!" exclaimed an Irishman who was present, "what a finger he must have!"

The ruling passion was recently exhibited in a remarkable manner on the occasion of a funeral. An old lady had lost her husband, and on the day of the funeral her neighbors were somewhat tardy in appearing at the solemnities. "Nabby," said she, "hand me my knitting; I might as well be taking a few stitches while the gathering is taking place."

AN IMPROPER FRACTION—Breaking your neighbor's windows.

Eight kinds of kisses are mentioned in the Scriptures: the kiss of Salutation, Valediction, Reconciliation, Subjection, Approbation, Adoration, Treachery, and Affection.

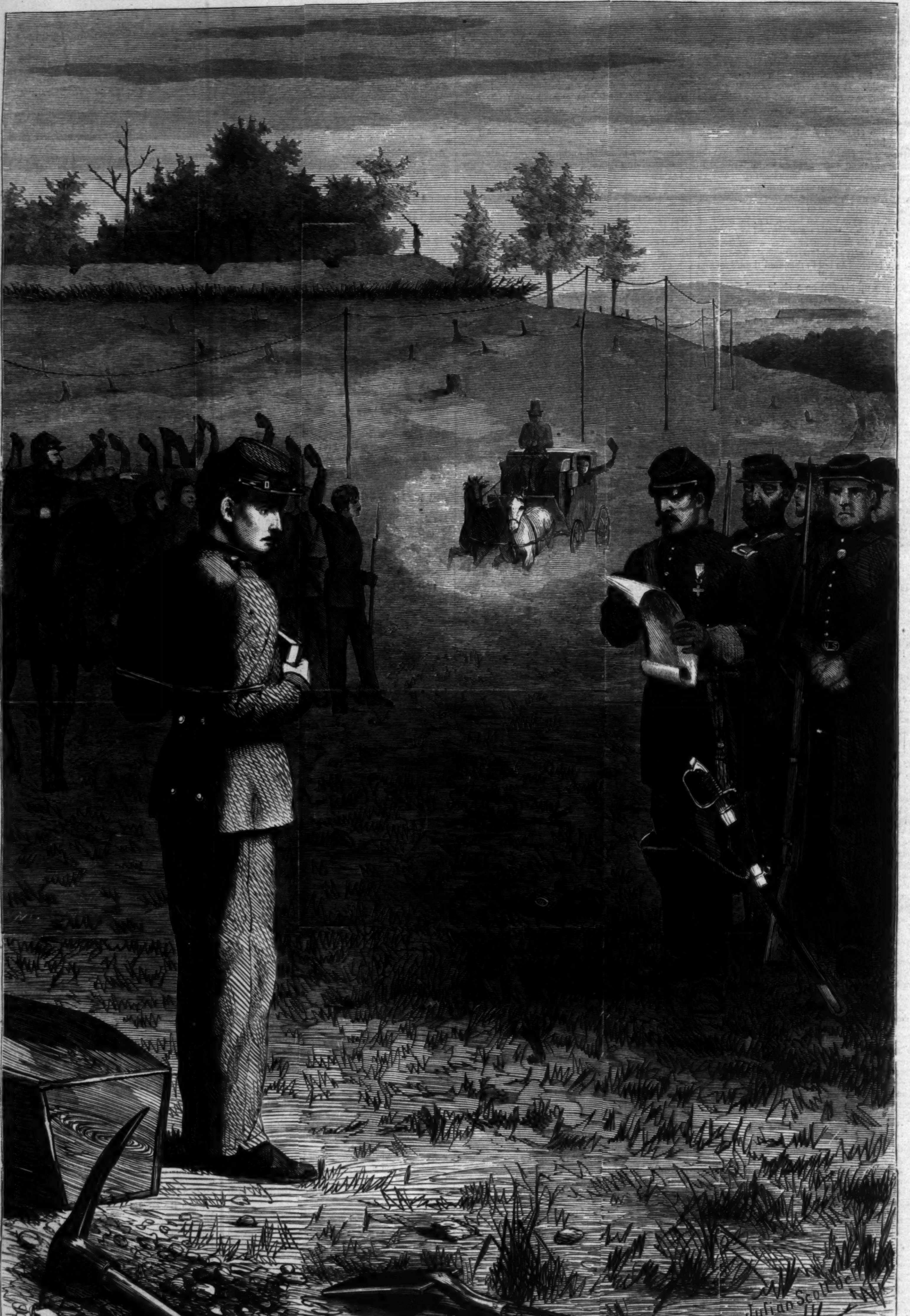
It was said of a very handsome woman, whose feet were immense: "She's very pretty, but she upsets completely the ordinary system of measurement, by proving that two feet make a yard."

When the great American aloe, belonging to Mr. Van Rensselaer, of Albany, having been in New York on exhibition, was on its way up the river, under the care of the gardener or keeper, a gentleman, struck with the beauty of the plant, made many inquiries regarding it. In the course of the passage the inquirer remarked: "That plant belongs to the cactus family, does it not?" "No, Sir; it belongs to the Van Rensselaer family," was the reply.

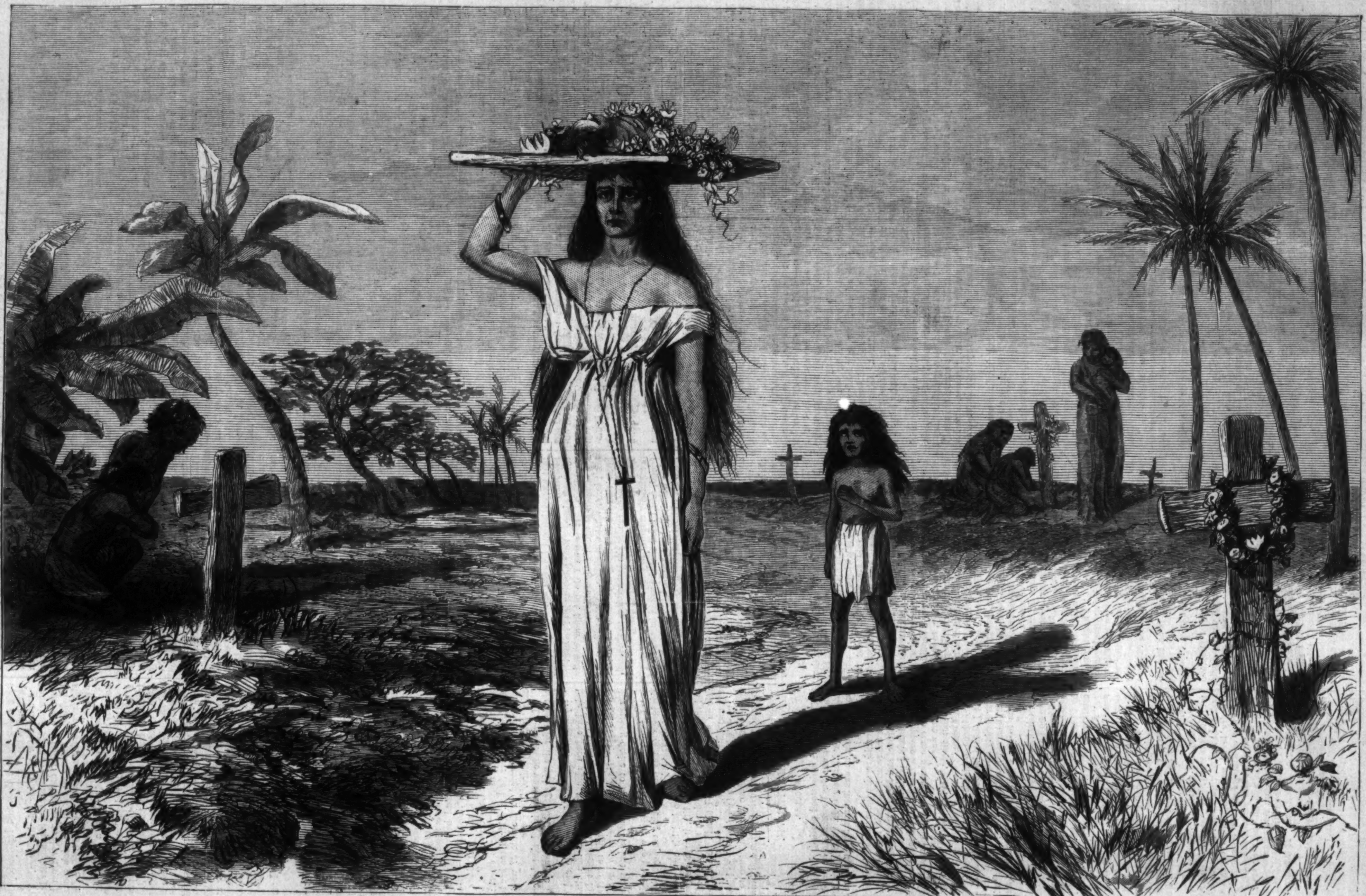
A clergyman in the country had a stranger preaching for him one day; and meeting his beadle, he said to him, "Well, Saunders, how did you like the sermon to-day?" "I watna, Sir, it was rather o'er plain and simple for me," replied the beadle. "I like the sermons that bejumbles the joodgment and confounds the sense; od, Sir, I never saw ane that could come up to yoursel' at that."

A gallant was lately sitting beside his beloved, and being unable to think of any thing to say, asked her why she was like a tailor. "I don't know," said she, with a pouting lip, "unless it's because I'm sitting beside a goose."

POOR RELIEF—Being relieved of one's watch.


Julian Scott

THE PARDONED SENTINEL.—Drawn by Julian Scott.—[See Page 133.]



PARAGUAYAN MOTHER BEARING HER DEAD CHILD TO THE GRAVE.—DRAWN BY SOL EYTINGE, FROM A SKETCH BY GENERAL M'MAHON.—[SEE PAGE 133.]

A MISUNDERSTANDING.

HE.

I saw you in the glittering crowd,
A well-dressed vision, bright and fair;
I heard your laughter—*not too loud*—
But then—my thoughts were otherwhere.

In the quick dance my temples brushed
A ringlet of your floating hair;
My careless foot your drapery crushed—
But then—my thoughts were otherwhere.

I heard your brilliant notes in song—
You sang a gay, coquettish air;
I praised you with the praising throng—
But then—my thoughts were otherwhere.

I mixed not with the numerous train
That sought your lavish smiles to share;
Your presence brought nor joy nor pain,
For my best thoughts were otherwhere.

Lady, your wit is very bright;
Your winsome face is very fair;
You can all earthly sense delight—
But *earnest* thoughts dwell otherwhere.

Fortune has done her fitting part,
And shrined you in a setting rare;
All gifts seem yours save *a true heart*—
And mine its mate seeks otherwhere.

SHE.

I saw him in that shifting throng:
Such manly port and motion free
Unto a nobler race belong—
But, ah! his heart beats not for me.

Once, in the round, we chanced to pass:
He bowed with gentlest courtesy;
My light robe touched him—but, alas!
I saw his heart beat not for me.

He deems me but the slave of art,
Born-thrall, not caring to be free;
He thinks I have no woman's heart—
And his, alas! beats not for me.

He wrongs me, and he has no skill
Nor care my nobler self to see;
And I, poor fool! dream of him still—
The while his heart beats not for me.

Unworthy thought! Wherefore should I
Thus bend to fate the suppliant knee?
Pride, crush these tears, forbid that sigh,
Because his heart beats not for me!

Perish, vain dream! Once more I hold
The loosened reins of "fancy free."
Why should my life grow blank and cold
Because *one* heart beats not for me?

VERONICA.

By the Author of "Aunt Margaret's Trouble."

In Five Books.—Book IV.

CHAPTER VI.

THE TURNING OF THE SCALE.

Mr. Simpson, Mr. Lane, and Mr. Lovegrove were assembled in the office of the last-named gentleman. They had been talking together for more than an hour, and, to judge from their countenances, the conversation had not been altogether pleasant. Mr. Simpson, indeed, preserved a pasty placidity of face. But Mr. Lovegrove looked angry, and Mr. Lane sulky.

"It is a most extraordinary thing," said Mr. Lovegrove, "that you should have been so lukewarm in the matter, Mr. Lane."

"I don't know what you mean by 'lukewarm.' If I was to consult my own pocket it wouldn't take long to see which side would be best for me," retorted the agent. "But I am not the man to do that. Two thousand pounds is of as much consequence to me as to most people. But I go according to law and justice."

"I can't tell how much you may know about justice," said Mr. Lovegrove, "but I take the liberty of supposing that your knowledge of law is not extensive."

"Well, well," said Mr. Simpson, moving his jaw slowly as he spoke, somewhat in the manner of a cow chewing the cud, "it don't take a very profound knowledge of the law to understand the case before us. I suppose you are satisfied that the ceremony of marriage on board the *Furibond* did take place."

Mr. Lovegrove passed his hands irritably through his hair without answering.

"And if every thing hadn't been conducted in an honorable way, why should the will ever have turned up at all?" said Mr. Lane. "It wouldn't have been so difficult to say nothing about it."

Mr. Simpson felt this to be injudicious, and hastened to say, "Oh, my dear Sir, with the parties concerned in this business such a proceeding would have been entirely out of the question."

"Mr. Lane doesn't seem to think so," observed Mr. Lovegrove, dryly.

"No, no, no," proceeded Mr. Simpson; "it is mere waste of time to consider such an hypothesis. Out of the question, entirely out of the question. The will being there, my client's first proceeding was to show it to a respectable and well-known lawyer—your own partner, Mr. Lovegrove—and to intrust it to him for safe-keeping."

"I don't know what could be fairer or more honorable," put in Mr. Lane.

"It was a matter of course that the proceedings of the lady in question should be fair and honorable."

"Mr. Lane doesn't seem to think so," said Mr. Lovegrove again.

Mr. Simpson interposed to prevent a retort from the agent. "Permit me," said he. "The lady in question was treated in the most heartless and treacherous manner. But my present business is not to insist upon that part of her story. The question is, was the first Lady Tallis living or dead at the time of her second marriage?"

"Sir John supposed her to be alive. That much is clear," said Mr. Lovegrove. "He never intended to make Miss Levincourt his wife."

"Possibly. But I need not remind you, Mr. Lovegrove, that persons can not play fast and loose with the marriage ceremony to gratify their own convenience or evil passions."

Mr. Lane opined, under his breath, that it would be a pretty sort of game if they could.

"I have laid before you," continued Mr. Simpson, looking as though he were engaged on the mastication of a very tough mouthful indeed, "the proofs of the performance of the marriage ceremony between the late Sir John Gale and Miss Levincourt. You are not at present prepared to bring forward any testimony as to the hour at which Lady Tallis Gale expired?"

"Mr. Frost is of opinion," said Mr. Lovegrove, "that Mrs. Lockwood's testimony, and that of the servant-girl, will go to prove—"

Mr. Lovegrove paused in his speech as the door of his office was opened, and one of his clerks appeared.

"I said that you were particularly engaged, Sir," said the young man, "but the gentleman would take no denial. He said that—"

"What do you mean by admitting any one at this moment? Who is it?"

"Mr. Hugh Lockwood, Sir," answered the clerk, making good his retreat as Hugh pushed past him and entered the room.

There was a momentary silence and pause of expectation.

"Mr. Lockwood," said Mr. Lovegrove, gravely, "I am sorry you have chosen this moment for insisting on seeing me. If my clerk did not succeed in making you understand that I am particularly engaged, I must tell you so myself in plain terms."

"I ask pardon of you, and of these gentlemen," said Hugh; "but I think you will excuse me when you know that the business on which I come is precisely the business you are engaged in discussing."

Hugh's manner was very resolute and quiet. He looked like a man who has recently subdued some strong emotion to his will. Mr. Lane stared at him undisguisedly. Mr. Simpson observed him in his ruminating manner. Mr. Lovegrove made answer: "May I inquire how you know what *is* the business we are engaged in discussing?"

"If I mistake not, you are discussing the legality of the second marriage of the late Sir John Tallis Gale."

"Quite so," said Mr. Simpson. "Have you any information to give us on the subject?"

"Yes."

"Mr. Lockwood," said Mr. Lovegrove, hastily, "allow me to say one word. This gentleman is acting on behalf of the lady who calls herself Lady Tallis Gale. This gentleman is the appointed executor of the will of the late baronet. I am only sorry that I can not add that I am fully empowered to act for Miss Desmond in this matter as I should desire to do. From the peculiar and painful circumstances of the case I have not been able to urge Miss Desmond's guardian—who is co-trustee with me under her mother's will—to come forward and look after her interests. But as far as my legal knowledge and services can avail her, they are entirely at her disposal. Now, believing you to be the young lady's friend, I strongly advise you to refrain from volunteering any statement on this subject at the present moment. Observe, I have no idea of what nature your statement may be. But I assure you that you had better leave the matter in my hands."

"Mr. Lovegrove, you speak in a manner which commands my sincerest respect, and will certainly make Miss Desmond very grateful. But I come here at Miss Desmond's urgent request."

"Indeed, Sir?" said Mr. Simpson, who had listened attentively. "Are you a relative of the young lady's?"

Before Hugh could speak, Mr. Lane answered in a hoarse whisper, "He's the son of the person in whose house Lady T. died."

Mr. Simpson's ruminating jaw moved slowly, but he said nothing.

"I will answer for myself, if you please, Mr. Lane," said Hugh, to whom the agent was slightly known. Then, turning to Mr. Simpson, he continued: "No, I am not a relative of Miss Maud Desmond, but she is my promised wife. Our engagement was sanctioned by Lady Tallis, and by—Miss Desmond's guardian."

Mr. Lovegrove made a little suppressed sound with closed lips, and raised his eyebrows in surprise. "Oh," said Mr. Simpson, slowly, "oh, indeed! And you have, you say, some information to give respecting the hour at which Lady Tallis died?"

"I have the only information to give which can be of value; for I was the last person who saw the poor lady alive."

The three men looked at each other without speaking. Mr. Simpson made his face as nearly blank of expression as possible. But there was a gleam of expectation in Mr. Lovegrove's eyes as he turned them again on Hugh.

"It happened in this way," proceeded Hugh. "I will tell you the circumstances as plainly and shortly as I can. On the night preceding the day she died—"

"That is to say, on the night of the third of March?" asked Mr. Simpson.

"Yes, on the night of the third of March, Lady Tr lis had been very ill, and had suffered from difficulty of breathing. It had been found necessary for some one to sit up with her. That had happened once or twice before. But on this occasion she seemed so ill that neither my mother nor Miss Desmond went to bed at all. In the morning, quite early, Lady Tallis fell asleep. And then my mother sent Miss Desmond to rest. She—my mother—went down into the kitchen to prepare some beef-tea, for which the sick woman had asked. The little servant-maid was busy about her household tasks. I had made up my mind not to go to business that morning, and as it was desirable that some one should be within call of Lady Tallis, I took a book and sat in the drawing-room, which opened by a folding-door from her bedroom."

"This was at what hour?" asked Mr. Simpson.

"I can not say with accuracy. But certainly between seven and eight o'clock. During the first part of the time that I sat there my mother came up stairs with the beef-tea, and found Lady Tallis still sleeping. She seemed so peaceful and tranquil that I persuaded my mother, who was much worn out, to take some rest on the sofa in our little parlor down stairs, saying that I would remain at my post. Well, I sat there a long time—or what seemed a long time. The house was very quiet: and at that period of the day our street is not noisy. There was scarcely a sound to be heard. All at once, as I sat alone in the silence, a strange feeling came over me that I must go into the next room and look at the sleeper. I could not tell why then, and I can not tell why now, but the impulse was irresistible. I got up softly and went to the bedside. And then in an instant I saw that there was death. I had never seen a dead person before, but there was no mistaking that solemn look."

"No mistaking!" echoed Mr. Lovegrove. "How can you know that? Your impression, the mere result of your looking at her, may have been erroneous. She may have been still asleep."

"She was in that sleep that awaits us all, and from which there is no awaking. I stood and contemplated her face for a minute or so. The eyes were shut, the forehead placid; she had not even moved on her pillow. Although I was perfectly convinced that she was dead, I took a little hand-mirror from the toilet-table and held it to her lips. There was not a breath."

"Still," said Mr. Lovegrove, catching a glance that was exchanged between Mr. Lane and Mr. Simpson, "*still*, you do not know at what hour this took place. Your guessing is of no use!"

"Wait. It is true I do not know exactly the moment at which Lady Tallis ceased to live; but I know what will suffice, as you will see. I knew that the first thing to be done was to get some one to render the last services to the dead. There was a woman living near at hand, who had occasionally come in to help to nurse our poor friend, and I knew that she would be able to do what was needed. I resolved to go myself and fetch her without disturbing my mother or Maud. I went out of the front-door quietly, sought for, and found the woman I spoke of, and brought her back to our house before any one there knew that I had left it. And as I turned into our street to come home the church clocks were striking half past nine."

"That," said Mr. Simpson, rising from his chair, "is conclusive. I have evidence to prove beyond a doubt that the ceremony on board the ship was not commenced before a quarter to ten at the earliest."

There was a dead pause.

Mr. Simpson deliberately gathered together his papers. Mr. Lane took up his hat. Mr. Lovegrove remained in his chair with his hands thrust deep into his pockets.

"I presume," said Mr. Simpson, "that you perceive how unassailably strong Mr. Lockwood's testimony makes Lady Gale's case? My client is, I assure you, greatly averse to litigation, very greatly averse to it. But if Mr. Lockwood is prepared—as no doubt he is—to repeat upon oath every detail he has just given us, I should advise Lady Gale, and the next of kin, to resist to the uttermost all attempt to carry out the provisions of Sir John's last will and testament. I wish you a good-morning, gentlemen."

"Good-morning, Mr. Simpson. I beg to state that if Miss Desmond were my client and I were empowered to act for her, I should be very far, indeed, from considering the cause lost. I am not aware what course Miss Desmond will be advised to take, but I would take the liberty to warn you not to be sure of victory even now. And good-morning to you, Mr. Lane," added Lovegrove, with a considerable change from the temperate and courteous tone in which he had addressed the other attorney. "I might condole with you on the prospect of losing your legacy if I were of Mr. Simpson's opinion on this matter. Though upon my word I never saw a gentleman let two thousand pounds slide through his fingers with greater equanimity, or make less effort to keep them!"

When Messieurs Simpson and Lane had departed, Mr. Lovegrove got up and began pacing about the office. Suddenly he stopped opposite to Hugh, and addressed him.

"Do you mean to say that Miss Desmond urged you to come and say what you have said to that woman's attorney?"

"She did, most earnestly."

"And you, well knowing what interests were at stake, were fool enough to do it!"

"Mr. Lovegrove, what I said was the truth. It might as well be told first as last."

"No, it might not! And who knows whether it ever need have been told at all? I should have taken a very different tone with this self-styled Lady Gale. I believe if she had been thoroughly frightened and bullied she would not have dared to talk of going to law!"

"But if she had dared—"

"Well, I would have fought her."

"That is just what Maud desired to avoid."

"Desired to avoid? Desired to— Miss Desmond desired to avoid running any risk of inheriting a fine fortune duly and legitimately bequeathed to her?"

"You know what her life has been. You know that Mr. Levincourt and his daughter have been like a father and sister to her from her babyhood. And as to Sir John Gale's money, she says she felt as though it would bring a curse with it."

"Trash! No money brings a curse that is honestly come by."

"This would not have been honestly come by. I believe that Veronica Levincourt can prove herself to have been duly married to Sir John Gale. And it would be inexpressibly painful and shocking to Maud and to others to force her to prove it in a court of law."

"Well, Mr. Lockwood," said Lovegrove, after a minute or two's pause, "it is clearly no concern of mine. But I am interested in Miss Desmond for auld lang syne. I knew her mother. And she is a very sweet, and I thoroughly believe, a very good young lady. Frost will be sorry too— However, I suppose we can not interfere."

"Mr. Frost will not be surprised; for I mentioned something of this to him before."

"You did?"

"Yes. Well, now, Mr. Lovegrove, I must thank you very heartily for the sincerity and kindness with which you espoused Miss Desmond's cause. She will be very grateful. She goes away with her guardian the day after to-morrow. And it is her great effort to keep all this painful business from him for the present. He knows nothing of it as yet. He has lived quite secluded in my mother's house since he came up to attend Lady Tallis's funeral."

"Mr. Levincourt does not know—?"

"Not a word. When they are in the country she will tell him as much as is needful."

"I wish Mrs. Desmond had appointed me guardian to her daughter, instead of— But it can't be helped. It's an ill wind that blows nobody good! The new Lady Gale will just walk over the course, I suppose. She is clever: or somebody is clever for her. Mr. Lane has been marvelously converted to the side of what he calls 'law and justice.'"

"I presume he was convinced that he could not fight for the will against the evidence they brought."

"*I* presume that Sir Matthew Gale and this lady have been able to convince him that it would be quite as much for his interest to let his two thousand pounds go quietly as to struggle for them. He does not seem to have had any strong desire to carry out his late patron's wishes."

"I do not believe that desire was possible in the breast of any human being employed by Sir John Tallis Gale!"

"Well, for a man who had his own way, as far as I can learn, all his life, it must be admitted that his power broke down altogether at the last in a very strange—I should be inclined to say marvelous—manner."

"And when a man's 'way' is such as his was, I don't know that there is much cause to feel surprise at his plans proving barren and futile."

CHAPTER VII.

SUCCESS.

Cesare had understood partially how desirable a thing it was for Veronica to be acknowledged by Sir Matthew Gale. But in his ennui and ill-humor he was inclined to be captious and jealous.

"You could receive those men without having Louise in the room?" he said, reproachfully, after the baronet and Mr. Davis were gone.

"Certainly I could!"

"I suppose if that old blockhead of a Sir Gale were to come alone, you would receive him in the same way?"

"Most likely. What then? Don't be absurd, Cesare."

"Ebbene, I think it very unjust, unkind, cruel, that I should be the only person debarred from your society in the way I am!"

"Debarred from my society? Dio mio! It seems to me, Cesare, that you are here all day long."

"Oh, I trouble you? I importune you? You have no heart. You do not love me."

Then came a quarrel, not the first by many, which ended, as all its predecessors had ended, by Cesare's making humble apologies and protestations of devotion.

"Ah, Veronica mia," he sighed, "I wish sometimes that there had never been any question of this money! You would have married me, and we should have been together all this time. We would have gone down to the country house beyond Salerno. How happy it would have been! I hate this England of yours! I have scarcely had a happy moment since I came here."

"Cesare, that sounds all very fine; but how much does it mean? If you and I had married and staid in Italy, we should have been dining off dry bread and melon-rinds by this time. And how charming for me to be going about in a coarse petticoat and jacket, with a copper pin stuck in my hair, and no shoes or stockings! Neapolitan peasants are very picturesque at the Opera; but I fancy the real life of the real people would not quite suit you. It would not suit *me* at all events."

"My wife would not have had to live as you say," remonstrated Cesare.

"Oh, andiamo, cugino mio! I know pretty well what sort of style 'your wife' would have had to live in. And the fact is, we should have been much worse off than the peasants, because we should have had to appear something different from what we were. Shabby gentility—Ouf! it makes me shudder! And as to your not liking England, you know nothing of it yet. If we were rich, Cesare, you would see how the world would be cap in hand to us!"

"I don't think I want the world to be cap in hand to me. I only want you to love me," answered Cesare, pathetically.

Then Veronica gave him her hand and sent him away, alleging that she was tired. In truth, she was tired in spirit. She was getting very weary of Cesare's complaints and importunities. She had felt herself to be in the position of guiding spirit since their arrival in London. In Naples, where she had, while domineering over him, depended on him for support in many things, she had liked him better. For her own nature was too entirely undisciplined not to be irked by the task of leading another. She hated the trouble of thinking, arranging, and deciding. And there were in her some glimmerings of nobler things, which made her scorn herself at times, and consequently scorn Cesare for his submissive idolatry of her.

As she had once told Maud, she saw the better and chose the worse. If Cesare would but assume a more manly tone—if he would even be rough and self-asserting—she fancied she should be less discontented. He complained and grumbled, indeed; but it was in the tone of a child who vents its temper, well knowing all the while that it must finally submit. Once, in a moment of irritation, she dropped some word of the kind to Cesare. And his amazed and sorrowful reception of the word nearly drove her wild.

"I don't understand you, Veronica," he had said, reproachfully. "It seems to me that you are very ungrateful. No woman was ever loved more truly than I love you. Do you *wish* for unkindness and tyranny? Who can comprehend a woman?"

Poor Veronica did not comprehend herself. She could not tell him that his complaisance for her whims, his devotion to her wishes, alienated her from him. She could not tell him that his humoring of her haughty temper degraded her in her own esteem. And yet she wished to love Cesare. She was fully minded to become Principessa de' Barletti, and the prospect of that union without affection afforded a glimpse of something so terrible that she shut her mind's eyes before it, shuddering.

But she would be true to Cesare. And she *would* love him. Poor Cesare; he was kind and gentle, and she was really fond of him. And by-and-by—so she told herself—she would be able to influence and change him in many things. But meanwhile that which she yearned for, and thought of at every solitary moment of her waking time, was to see Maud.

She had been much moved when, at Naples, Mr. Frost had made known to her the contents of Sir John Gale's will. For a moment the thought had flashed across her mind that she would give up her own claim, and allow the will to be put in force in Maud's favor. If she made no sign, the will would be proved and executed in due course. It was a wildly Quixotic idea, she told herself in her calmer moments; but it recurred to her again and again. Yet it may be truly said that never for one moment did the idea amount to an intention. The result to herself of carrying it out would be ignominy, obscurity, poverty. Poverty!—No; that was beyond her strength. Maud, she knew, could be happy without pomp and wealth; happier without them than their possession could ever make her (Veronica). Yet she did not deceive herself with the pretense that this knowledge influenced her conduct.

"I am no canting hypocrite," she said to herself.

It is a negative merit not seldom assumed by those who find it desirable to feed their egotism at all costs. And the implied assumption is, "You, who do not act in accordance with what you *must* feel—for do not *I* feel it?—are canting hypocrites."

But despite every thing, there was in Veronica's heart a craving, hungry desire to see Maud. Maud's had ever been the one influence that had awakened whatsoever impulses of good lay dormant in the vicar's daughter. Even when she had chafed against that influence it had been dear to her. And Maud alone, of all the beings she had ever known, she had loved unselfishly, and from her heart. She shrank from the idea of seeing her father as yet. She would like to go to him victorious, assured, bearing a new and illustrious title, whose blaze should efface whatever dimness now overshadowed her name. She knew, without reflecting much about it, that by her father much might be forgiven to the Princess de' Barletti which could never have been pardoned to Veronica Levincourt. But with Maud it was different. She thought of Maud day and night, and devised schemes for getting to see her, which schemes, however, never took shape in action.

Late in the afternoon of the day on which Sir Matthew Gale had visited her, Mr. Simpson arrived at her hotel. He had come in all haste to be the first to communicate to her the news of Hugh Lockwood's statement. And he was followed within a very few minutes by Mr. Lane, who was bound on the same errand.

"Then," said Veronica, rising in an excited manner, after having heard what they had to tell her, "the cause is won!"

"I believe that I may safely congratulate you, Lady Gale," said Mr. Simpson. "You will assuredly meet with no opposition from Sir John's family."

"And did Mr. Lockwood give this decisive testimony voluntarily?"

"Oh yes, my lady," said Mr. Lane. "That, I must say, he did. Mr. Lovegrove showed plainly enough which way *his* feelings jumped in the matter. If it had depended on him we should have had plenty of trouble."

"Mr. Lovegrove was doing what I should have done in his place," said Mr. Simpson, gravely. "He was endeavoring to protect Miss Desmond's interests."

"Well, he might have done that without being so bumptious. If it hadn't been for not wishing to make trouble for my lady and Sir Matthew, I would have given him a good setting down!"

"Ahem! I have a great respect for Mr. Lovegrove," said Mr. Simpson, in the same slow, imperturbable manner.

During this talk, Veronica was standing at the window, with her back to the two men, and her hands pressed on her temples. She was thinking of the strange chance that had made Hugh Lockwood the arbiter of her fate.

There are no limits to the vagaries and self-delusions of indulged vanity, none to its gluttonous appetite. There is nothing on earth it will not clutch at to feed upon.

Veronica well remembered the evident admiration she had excited in Hugh when they had met at Lowater. And without putting it even mentally into words, she had an idea that his coming forward unasked to give witness in her favor, was in some way due to the resistless influence of her beauty. What would he think when he learned that she was to be Princess Barletti? The question gave rise to some not unpleasing speculations. Mr. Lane's next words, however, rudely disturbed them.

"Young Lockwood certainly did behave very straightforward. I wonder that Mr. Lovegrove didn't bully *him!* For if I lost two thousand pounds by the business, young Lockwood lost more, seeing that he is engaged to the young lady."

Veronica turned round to listen.

"I must be going now, Lady Gale," said Mr. Simpson. "I merely wanted to give you the news. There is a great deal to be done yet. I must try to see Mr. Davis without delay."

"One moment, if you please, Mr. Simpson. Did you say that Mr. Lockwood was—was—"

"Engaged," put in Mr. Lane. "Yes, my lady; he is engaged to marry Miss Desmond—so he said, at least. I believe him to be a most respectable young man," added the agent, with a patronizing air.

Considerably to Mr. Lane's surprise, Veronica, after having given her hand to Mr. Simpson as he took his leave, dismissed him (Lane) with a haughty bow. And Mr. Lane observed to the lawyer, before they parted company at the hotel door, that "my lady" was beginning to give herself great airs already.

Left alone in the gathering dusk, Veronica began to pace up and down the room, in a restless manner that had recently become habitual with her. She had gained what she had striven for. She was Lady Gale. And although the whole of Sir John's vast fortune would not be hers, she would still be a rich woman—rich even in rich England. She would be reinstated in the world, and take a far higher rank than that of a mere baronet's lady. All that she had longed for and dreamed of since her childhood seemed to be within her grasp.

Of ten persons who should have seen her, knowing her story, nine would certainly have concluded that it was on this important revolution of Fortune's wheel she was meditating, as she passed regularly up and down the room, the heavy folds of her long black dress making a monotonous dull rustling sound on the carpet. But it was not so. How often it happens that the outer and the inner life are thus distinct and different! That which we strive for, is often not that which really most occupies our hearts. There was as yet no flavor of Dead Sea fruit in Fortune's gifts to Veronica. She believed still, as she had believed at fifteen, that to be rich, fashionable, envied, and flattered, would suffice to make her happy. But in these very first moments of her triumph, her thoughts and feelings were busy with Maud and Hugh!

All at once she ceased her pacing to and fro, and seating herself at a little table covered with writing materials, she dashed off a hurried note. She wrote without pause, almost as though she feared she might repent what she was doing, if she staid to reflect on it. Having written and sealed the note, which consisted only of a few lines, she gave orders that a messenger should be dispatched with it forthwith.

"Where is it to go, my lady?" asked the waiter.

The tidings of Veronica's golden fortunes must, one would have thought, have hovered in the air, or emanated from herself in some subtle manner, for the man, always civil, was now obsequious.

"It must be taken to Mr. Lovegrove, the solicitor in Bedford Square. He is easily to be found. There is my card. Give my compliments, and say that I shall be exceedingly obliged if Mr. Lovegrove will do me the favor to add the number of the house to the address on this note. Then let the messenger take the note to Gower Street without delay. He had best drive. Let him take a cab, and go quickly."

The reader may as well see the contents of the note:

"I thank you for what you have done for me to-day. But my thanks are doubtless of small value in your eyes.

"But I have a request—an entreaty to make to you. Let me see Maud. I shall be quite alone all this evening and to-morrow. Others may think me triumphant, but tell Maud—oh! pray tell Maud—that I long and yearn to see her and to hear her voice.

"I only learned to-day that you are to be her husband. VERONICA GALE.

"I trust to you to speak of this to *no one* but Maud.

"To HUGH LOCKWOOD, ESQ."

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

MR. JOHN KITTS, a veteran of the Revolutionary war, was the guest of the House of Representatives a few days ago. Having called on the President, the latter invited him to stay to lunch; but the old gentleman declined, because, he said, he was anxious to see Congress in session. The President ordered one of the messengers at the White House to accompany him to the Capitol. There he was introduced on the floor of the House, on motion of General Banks, and received the congratulations of the members, who flocked around him in large numbers, and questioned him about his age and the leading events of his life. Mr. Kitts was born in Bedford County, Pennsylvania, in 1762, and is therefore in his one hundred and eighth year. He was present at the surrender of Lord Cornwallis at Yorktown. In the battle preceding the surrender he was struck in the back of the head with a spent musket ball, and the indentation which it made is still visible. When the war of 1812 broke out he was considered too old to enter the service as a soldier; but he went in as a messenger, to carry the mails; and relates many stories of the escapes he had from being taken prisoner. Until the present time he has never applied for a pension; but now his age and infirmities have compelled him to do so.

The following burlesque bill of fare was placed before the guests at a railroad dinner which recently took place in London:

"Soupe à la Mak a Roade, Fishy Traffic Returns, Flat Fish dressed shareholders' fashion. Entrees—Shareholders, Tongues, Sauce Piquante; General Meeting Stew, with Bouilli; Secretary's Cold Cheek; Cooked Accounts. Removes—Roasted Chairman, with Melted Butter. Rotis—Land Rails done in the Permanent Way, Guinea Pig à la Director, Larks à la Booking Clerk, Hot Axles with Grease à la Dickens; Asparagus Points and Crossings; Mashed Turnips and Broken Marrow Bones à la Excursion Train; Salary of the Staff. Sweets—Great Western Broad Gages Preserved, Audit Ale, Strong-headed Porter and Sack, Board-room Sherry."

The *Sentinella Bresciana* tells of a fearful punishment which befell two cruel children who were amusing themselves by torturing a rat which they had caught. They covered it with petroleum and set fire to it. The little animal in its fright fastened upon the leg of one of its tormentors, and the other, in going to his brother's assistance, was bitten in the hand. The cries of the boys attracted the attention of the mother, who sent for a doctor; but, notwithstanding his attention, they died three days afterward from the effects of the bites of their maddened victim.

A visitor to the lunatic asylum where Barbara Ubryk is confined says that she looks extremely well, and far younger than she really is. She has a small, merry face, with a *retroussé* nose, and bright, lively eyes, which, says the correspondent, peeped out slyly every now and then from under the bed-clothes. She conversed freely, though rather incoherently, laughed a good deal, and occasionally broke out into snatches of hymn and other tunes.

A correspondent of a German journal says that the reigning color worn by fashionable people in Paris now is brown. This color goes by the name of "universal suffrage." Not only dresses, hats, and mantles are brown, but carriages are painted with this fashionable color. The Tyrolese hats, which some gentlemen have taken to, are now ornamented with pheasants' feathers, parrots' wings, and humming-birds' heads. For mourning, blackbirds or ravens, for half-mourning, swallows or magpies, are worn. One enterprising hatter has contrived to fit these adornments with an apparatus for imitating the cry of the bird selected as the appendage. A slight movement of the forehead is sufficient to set the little machine in motion. It is therefore unnecessary to take off the hat on meeting a friend: you frown or elevate the brow, the bird screams, and this constitutes a greeting.

Who would live in Russia? It is said that one need only take an evening walk of two or three miles into the environs of Moscow, one of the largest cities of that country, to see clusters of pale spots of light, like the flame of half-extinguished coal, moving swiftly among the trees, and hear a long, melancholy howl, like the wail of the wind on a gusty, wintry night, going dreamily up through the still, frosty air. The wolves are as fierce as ever, and untiring in their depredations.

Senator Sumner has the credit of coining the last new word, "*ridiculosity.*" Some poetic genius thus relieves his mind in regard to it:

"Slowly rolled forth the novel sound—
'Ridiculosity,'
From out the classic mouth of great
'Preponderosity;'
And through the Senatorial hall,
With great velocity,
Echoed from mouth to mouth the word
'Ridiculosity!'
Sure Worcester never dared to write
'Ridiculosity;'
Nor Webster either, murmured they,
With grim ferocity.
Is there of terms gigantic then
So great a paucity,
That we must coin this fearful one,
'Ridiculosity?'"

A curious theory, called the "Thermometric Gateway to the Pole," has recently been advanced by Captain Silas Bent, of the American Navy, as the result of thirty years' study and exploration. Setting aside technical language, the idea seems to be that there is a permanent and navigable ocean passage which will shorten the distance from New York to San Francisco by sixty days, and from Liverpool to Japan by more than a hundred days. According to this theory the two great currents of the ocean, the Gulf Stream of the Atlantic, and its colleague of the Pacific, the Kuro-Siwo, both rivers in the ocean, hastening northward with their heated waters from the equatorial belt of fire, push their way through the polar ice to their confluence at the Pole, making thither a navigable water highway. Captain Bent supports his theory by facts, and insists that the Gulf Stream and the Kuro-Siwo are the prime and only cause of the open sea about the Pole, with its temperature, as repeated expeditions have discovered, so much above that due to the latitude; that the only practicable avenues by which ships can reach that open sea, and thence to the Pole, is by following the warm waters of these streams into that sea; and that to find and follow these streams the water thermometer is the only guide.

The present consumption of wood in the United States is enormous. It is estimated that 150,000 acres of the best timber is cut every year to supply the demand for railway sleepers alone. For railroad buildings, repairs, and cars the annual expenditure in wood is $38,000,000. In a single year the locomotives in the United States consume $56,000,000 worth of wood. There are in the whole country more than 400,000 artisans in wood, and if the value of their labor is $1000 a year, the wood industry of the country represents an amount of nearly $500,000,000 per annum.

When the coal mines of our country give out, and all our forests are hewn down, the new method of utilizing solar heat, invented by M. Dulaurier, of Paris, will be called into requisition—if it is not sooner. By a simple contrivance of his, he thinks we may obtain heat enough from the sun for all ordinary uses.

It is a common remark to a growing child that he "runs up like a weed." Dr. Richard Mansfield, rector of an Episcopal church in Connecticut, once passing a group of the children of his flock, exclaimed, "Why, my dear children, you grow so like weeds that I am scarcely able to recognize you." Then, correcting himself, he said, with the gentle politeness of a Christian gentleman, "Pardon me—I should have said, you have grown so like flowers." Can not every one see how the young faces would light up at the pleasant comparison?

A pleasing incident is related of a school in Easton, Pennsylvania. One of the pupils was a lame girl, who had always been allowed the privilege of dismissal in advance of the other scholars. Not long ago the school-house took fire. When the alarm was given, the pupils all kept their seats until the cripple had safely passed the door, and then they rushed out.

A specimen of Russian "Court News," published in the *Tamboff Gazette*, may amuse our readers:

"Yesterday his Imperial Majesty deigned to wake at 7 A.M., and after a frugal breakfast, was graciously pleased to go for a bear hunt. On entering the wood with his suit, a bear, moved apparently by a happy instinct to recreate the mind of the father of our holy Russia, immediately came to the spot where his Majesty had posted himself. Paralyzed at the sight of the ruler of millions of beings who idolize him, the bear stood still, and it was observed that, instead of the fierce aspect by which this savage animal is usually characterized, his countenance bore an expression of blissful anticipation, as if he were looking forward, like a loyal subject, to the happiness of being put to death by his gracious sovereign. On returning from the chase, his Majesty caught cold; but the usual remedies having been applied to him, he deigned to feel better. He then went to bed, and next morning he was graciously pleased to be quite well."

A certain astronomer—name unknown—predicts that we shall this year be blessed with a comet of such brilliancy, and so near the earth, that our nights will be as bright as our days.

Do our readers know what is the French idea of "a well-bred man?" According to a writer in *Le National*—whose authority may not be unimpeachable—the idea is exemplified in the following incident: A French nobleman, visiting an English nobleman in London, was offered by the latter a glass of "excellent port wine." The English nobleman's butler made a mistake, however, and somehow filled the visitor's glass with cod-liver oil. This did not prevent the Frenchman from swallowing the liquid presented to him. He drank up the whole, we are told, without a shudder, and said it was indeed excellent.

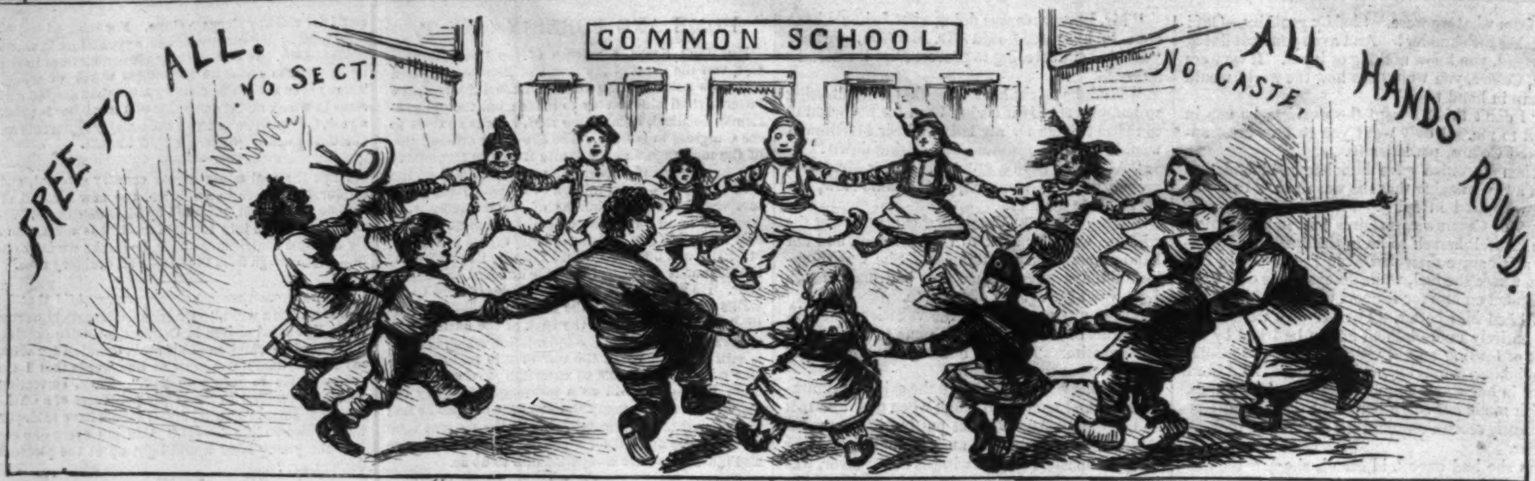
Women can now acquire a medical degree in France, Russia, Switzerland, Sweden, and Scotland. Miss Garrett passed the fourth examination for the degree of M.D. in Paris on Christmas-eve. The subjects were medical jurisprudence, materia medica, and hygiene.

Many people are afraid to expose their children to the external air, as though it were their worst enemy. The fact is, they keep them in the house so much that when they are taken out, without great care, they take cold; just like one who has been starved for a great length of time will make himself sick by eating when furnished a sumptuous meal. Children thus kept indoors, in rooms frequently overheated and filled with a stagnant, impure air, grow up, if they live at all, pale and sickly, like weeds grown in a dark cellar. They resemble the seeds, in the famous parable, that fell on stony ground; they soon sprang up, but, not having much root, as soon as the hot sun came they withered and died.

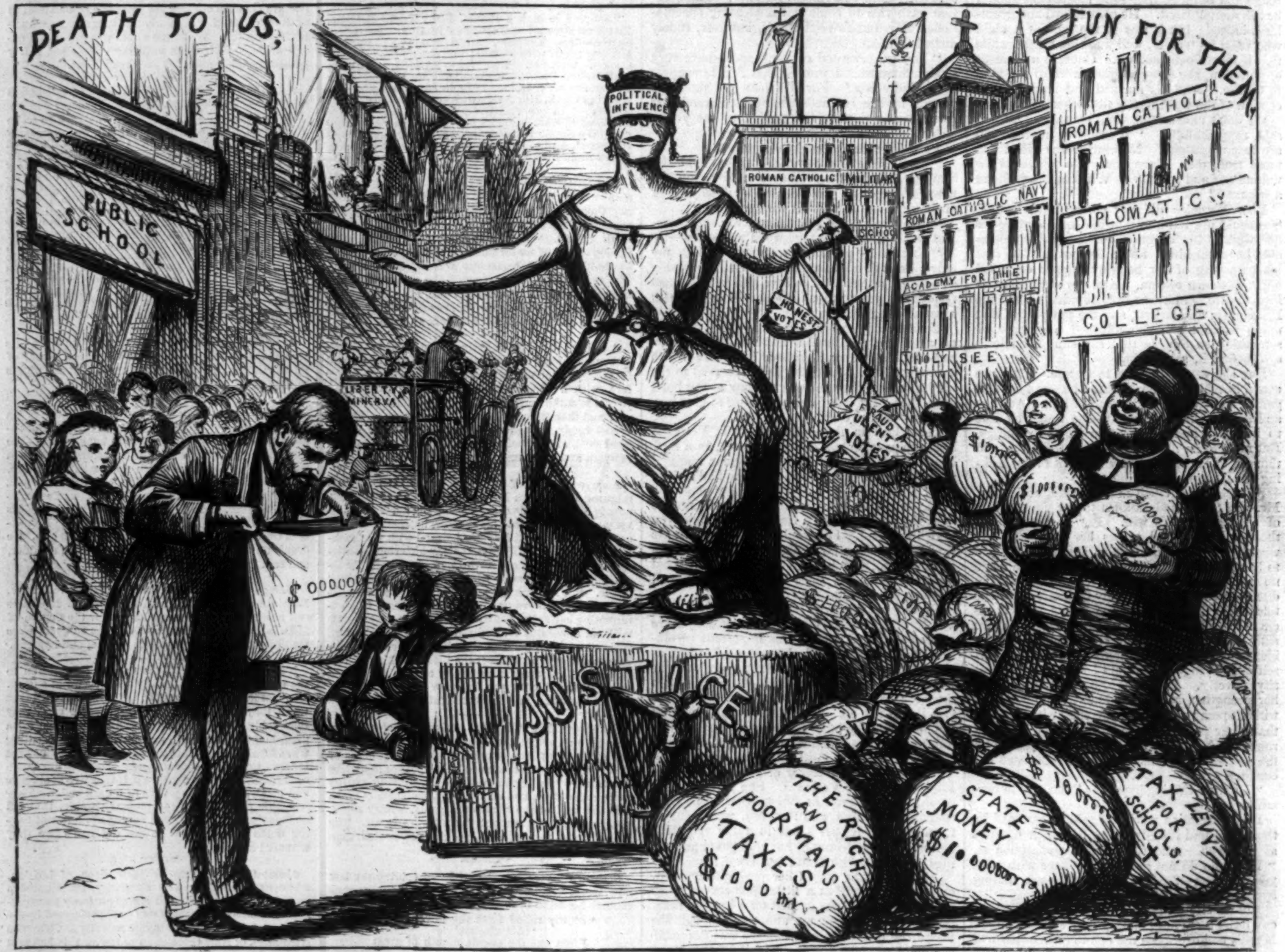
About two years ago Dr. Richardson, of London, while experimenting with electricity, illuminated a portion of his hand so that it was perfectly transparent. A similar experiment was once performed by the celebrated Dr. Priestley. Quite recently Dr. Thomas Nicholson, of New Orleans, in pursuing this fact still further, has succeeded by the aid of the powerful incandescent light of an oxy-hydrogen blowpipe, or calcium light, and large magnifying lenses, in completely illuminating the whole hand. From the successful experiments already made, it would appear that for the illumination of the entire body it is only necessary that the lights be sufficiently vivid and the lenses sufficiently powerful. If the whole internal machinery of the human system could thus be brought directly under the inspection of medical practitioners, the advantage to science and humanity would be incalculable.

Leipsic is the "city of books." In 1867 130,000 cwt. of books were dispatched from Leipsic, and probably as many came in. In 1868 2000 new works were published in that city. Forty-seven printing establishments now exist in Leipsic and its suburbs, employing 1000 journeymen, 300 apprentices, and 450 women. There are also 258 bookselling firms, having business connection with about 3500 houses out of Leipsic. An immense business is likewise carried on in the sale of "second-hand" books. Moreover Leipsic is the principal centre for musical publications, there being twenty-nine publishers in this department. Berlin stands next to Leipsic in publishing importance in Germany, and exceeds it in the number of newspapers and journals issued.

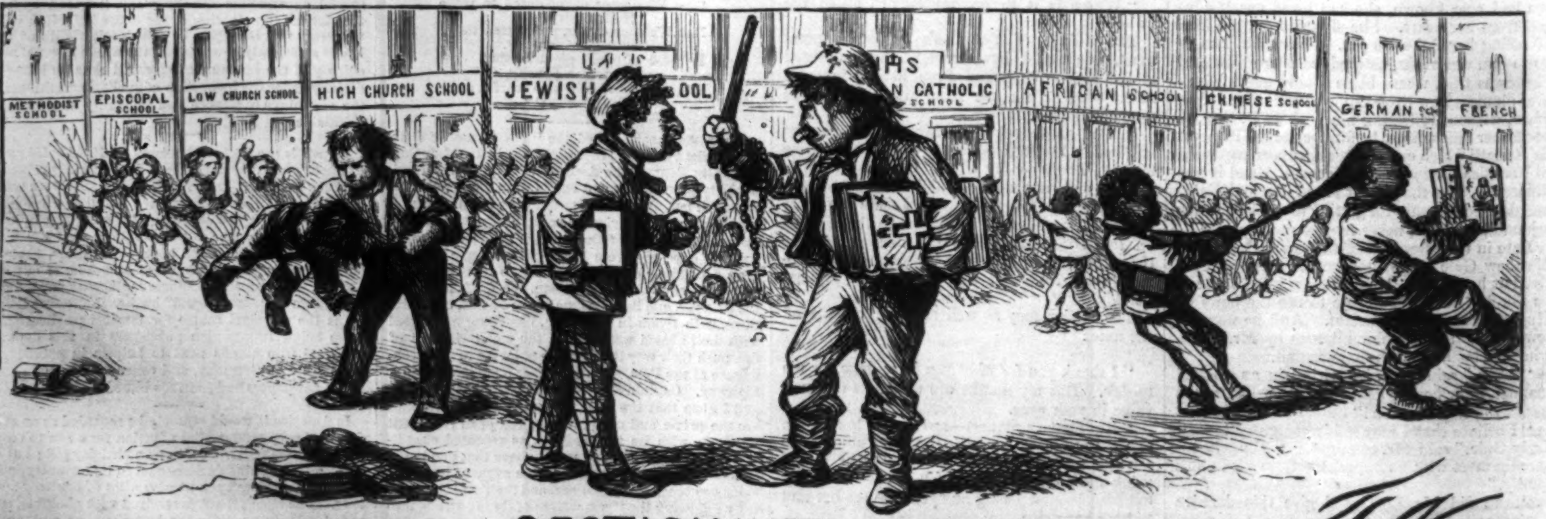
In America it would scarcely be regarded as an evidence of very tender filial affection for a son to send his venerable father a coffin as a birthday gift; but a late visitor to China declares that in that country such a gift is considered the *ne plus ultra* of courtesy and love. The cheerful gift is received with gladness, paraded ostentatiously in the best chamber, and, until required for its special use, is made a depository for clothing or food. Nothing is more common than for a person who is desirous of a grand funeral to provide his own coffin, according to his own fancy, long before his decease.


COMMON SCHOOL
FREE TO ALL.
NO SECT!
ALL HANDS ROUND.
NO CASTE.

"UNION IS STRENGTH."

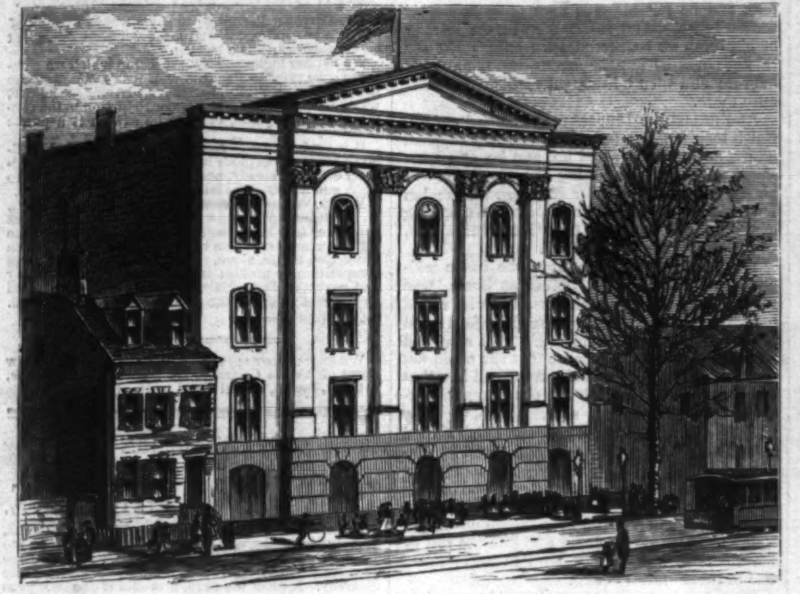

DEATH TO US,
FUN FOR THEM.
PUBLIC SCHOOL
POLITICAL INFLUENCE
ROMAN CATHOLIC MILITARY
ROMAN CATHOLIC NAVY
ACADEMY FOR THE
HOLY SEE
ROMAN CATHOLIC
DIPLOMATIC
COLLEGIE
HONEST VOTES
FRAUDULENT VOTES
$000000
JUSTICE
THE RICH AND POORMANS TAXES $1000
STATE MONEY $10000
TAX LEVY FOR SCHOOLS

DISTRIBUTION OF THE SECTARIAN FUND.

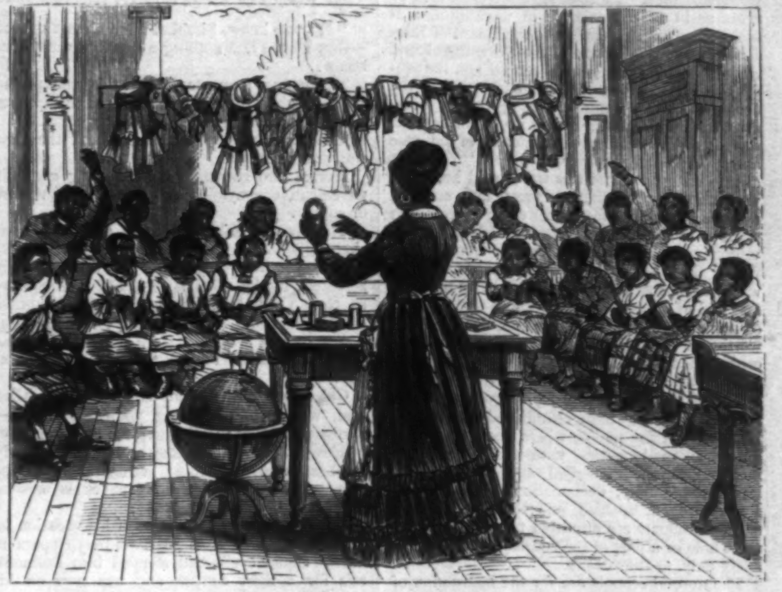

METHODIST SCHOOL
EPISCOPAL SCHOOL
LOW CHURCH SCHOOL
HIGH CHURCH SCHOOL
JEWISH SCHOOL
CATHOLIC SCHOOL
AFRICAN SCHOOL
CHINESE SCHOOL
GERMAN
FRENCH
Th. Nast.

SECTARIAN BITTERNESS.

OUR COMMON SCHOOLS AS THEY ARE AND AS THEY MAY BE.—[SEE PAGE 141.]



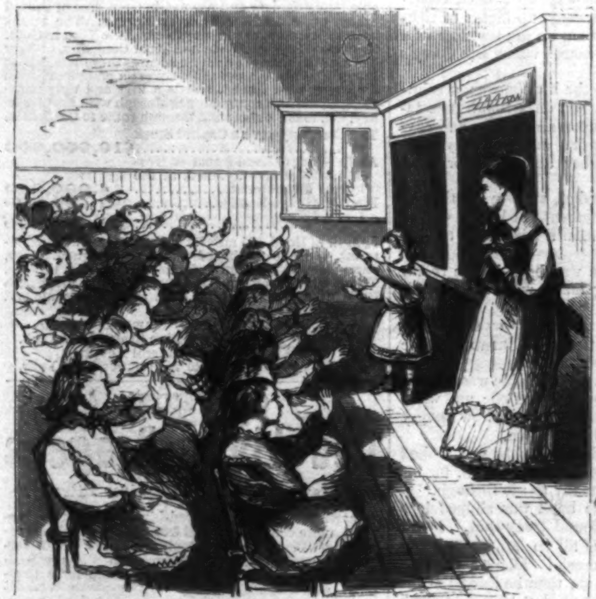
ONE OF OUR CITY SCHOOLS.



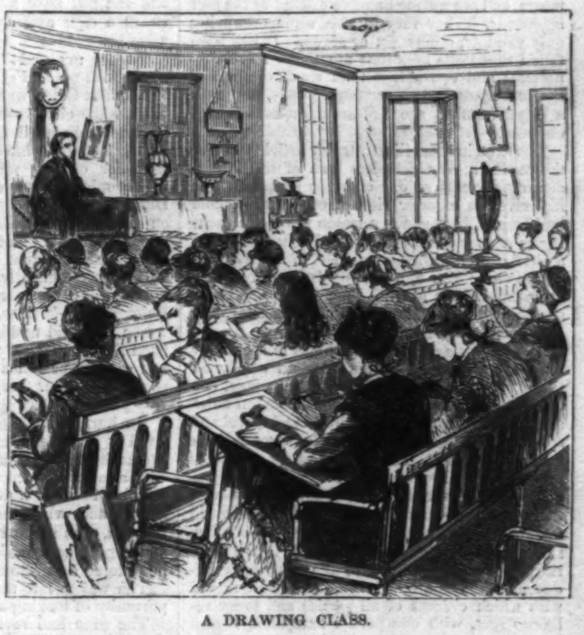
COLORED SCHOOL—OBJECT TEACHING.

OUR COMMON SCHOOLS.

AN observant stranger passing through the streets of New York city, between the hours of eight and nine in the morning, is attracted by the sight of hundreds of children going in every direction to their respective schools. The general aspect of these children is bright, happy, and intelligent. Let us follow a group of these little folks to their destination, and see how they are occupied when together.



GIRLS' CALISTHENICS.



A DRAWING CLASS.

The school building is a neat and substantial structure, four stories high, with a frontage of perhaps a hundred or a hundred and fifty feet. The pupils are flocking into the side doors. The central entrance is for visitors, and leads directly to the reception-room of the Primary Department. The room is as yet almost empty; no pupils are in sight; a few teachers are quietly making preparatory arrangements; while the Principal extends a pleasant greeting to such visitors as come in, and gives them seats. Presently the music teacher strikes a signal note on the piano, and commences playing a lively march.

Instantly, from two side doors, appear two lines of little girls, all keeping perfect step to the music. They march to their assigned places, and stand in front of their seats. Not a word is spoken nor a direction given, but every thing proceeds with order and precision. A special chord on the piano is the signal for being seated, and the change of position takes place with perfect silence and without the least confusion. The music begins again, and another file of little ones marches in, filling up the aisle seats on either side of the room.

The children have no books, but, led by the teacher at the piano, they sing in clear, sweet tones several appropriate songs. A short passage of Scripture is then read, and with folded hands the little ones repeat the Lord's Prayer. After a few moments more spent in singing the marching music is resumed, every child falls into line at the proper time, and thus the little multitude disperse to their respective class-rooms. The school we describe is a Primary Department for girls only; but every morning a similar scene may be witnessed in any of the public schools of New York, varying somewhat with the age of the scholars.

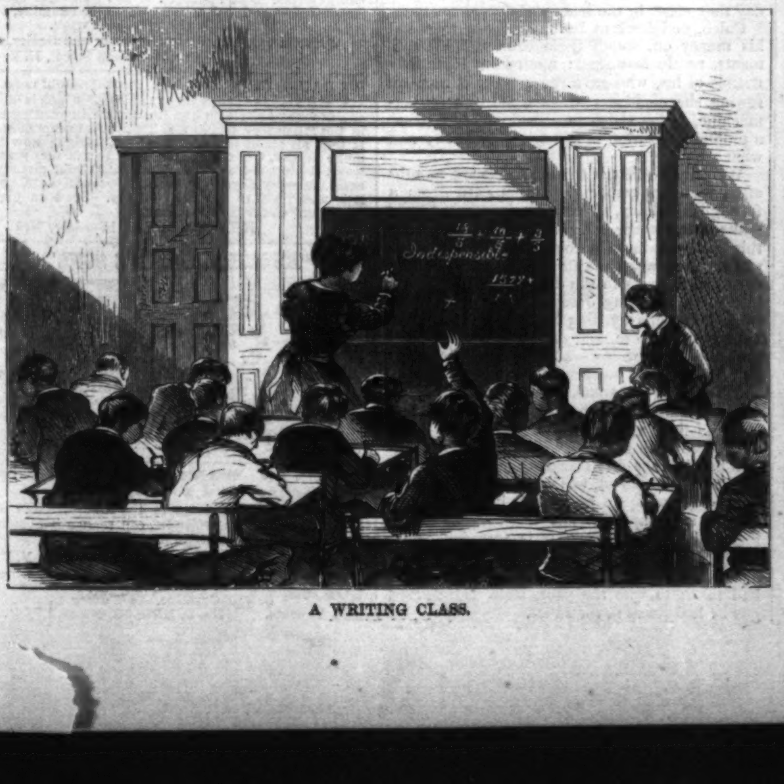
The public schools of this city, exclusive of what are called Corporate Schools, are designated as Primary, Grammar, Evening, and Normal Schools. There are at present more than two hundred of these institutions under the charge of the Board of Education, and the average yearly number of pupils receiving instruction in them is two hundred and twenty-five thousand. To instruct all these pupils the services of two thousand five hundred teachers are required, of whom a large proportion are women. A Primary and Grammar School often occupy the same building. Some of the primaries are for boys or girls only, while others are for youth of both sexes. The course of instruction in primary schools is very simple, and carefully adapted to the tender age of those who pursue it. The pupils are divided, according to qualifications, into six grades. In the lowest grades the reading and spelling of familiar words from blackboards and charts; counting and very simple adding by the numerical frame; conversational lessons about common objects, with a view to form habits of accurate observation; familiar instruction in regard to morals and manners. These are the principal exercises, and it is not intended that any of these shall be continued more than fifteen minutes at a time. As fast as the little pupils improve they are advanced from grade to grade, until they reach the first, or highest. By this time the course of study has been extended by adding the elementary rules of arithmetic, geography, writing and drawing on the slate, advanced object lessons, etc. When these subjects are sufficiently mastered, the pupil is ready for promotion to the Grammar School.

The grammar school course is also divided into several grades, and carries the pupil forward from the point where the primary course terminates to such studies as English grammar, history, astronomy, physical geography, composition, drawing, and book-keeping—the branches commenced in the primary department being also continued. To a limited extent lessons are assigned in this department to be studied at home, but none are given out until fully explained and illustrated to the class by the teacher.

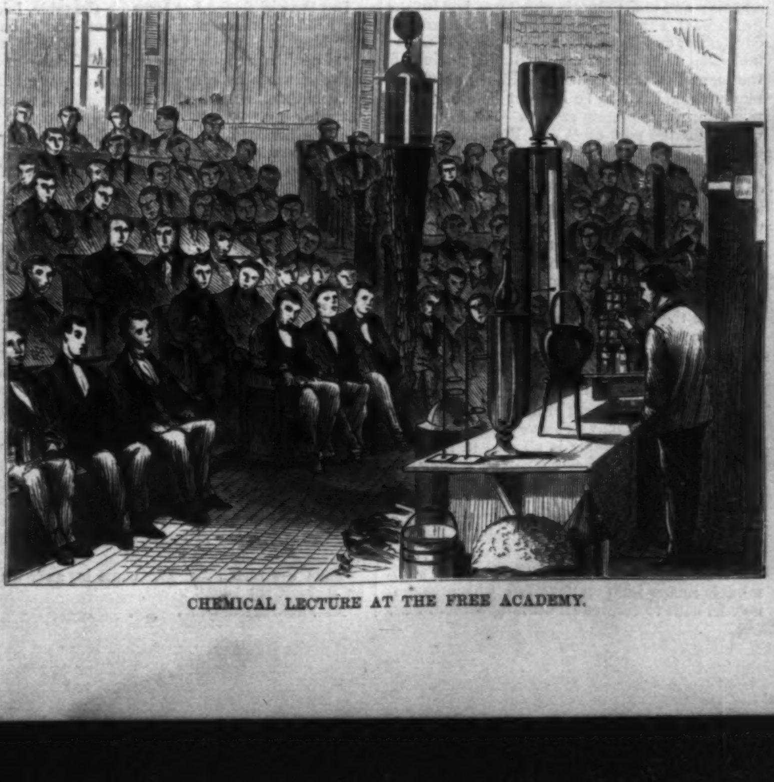
Beyond the common school course special facilities have just been provided for the further education of girls. Boys of fourteen, who have attended the public schools a requisite length of time, and can pass the requisite examination, may enter the Free College of the City of New York (formerly the Free Academy), and there enjoy the advantages of an extended and thorough course of study; and the Board of Education have recently established a Normal School for girls, corresponding to the Free College, which will afford them facilities for the same thorough course of instruction hitherto enjoyed by boys only.

Auxiliary to these schools are the evening classes, organized for the benefit of those whose avocations or age prevent them from attending school in the daytime. Only simple studies are taught in these classes, but the arrangements are equally adapted to youths and adults. Foreigners desiring to learn English frequently enter these evening classes, of which there are twenty-seven, and during the year they are attended by about twenty thousand pupils.

Adult pupils in these evening classes generally display the most commendable zeal in their studies, and are not ashamed to vie with far



A WRITING CLASS.



CHEMICAL LECTURE AT THE FREE ACADEMY.

younger people. In general, there is no lack of neatness in the appearance of working-men at these schools. A member of the Board of Education, while visiting one of these evening classes recently, made some general remarks on the propriety of perfect neatness and order. On the conclusion of his remarks a strong-looking young man, who with several others near him bore on their hands and clothes the evidences of toil, rose and apologized for their appearance. "We don't always come to school this way," said he, "but we were at work in the yard pretty late, and had no time to go home for supper even, as we didn't want to be late at school; and not expecting any visitors, we made up our minds to come as we were. The Principal knows us, and we knew he would excuse us for coming so." The modesty and zeal of these working-men, and their earnest exertions to obtain an education, are certainly worthy of the highest commendation and encouragement.

To enable working-men and clerks who are occupied during the day to prosecute advanced studies, there has been established an Evening High School for males, where such studies as grammar, mathematics, natural science, drawing, navigation, municipal and constitutional law, phonography, declamation, book-keeping, Latin, French, Spanish, and German are pursued. Students are admitted to this school for the whole or a part of the course, or for a single study only, as they desire.

The normal schools are for the instruction of teachers only. Their sessions are held on Saturday, and teachers whose acquirements fall below a certain standard are expected to attend until their deficiencies are made up. This secures the services of well-trained and experienced teachers, and is an important branch of the system.

There are now about one hundred buildings occupied by the public schools of this city. While all of these buildings are convenient and healthful, the newer buildings are a great improvement on those erected in former years. They have been constructed on the best principles of arrangement, fitted with all conveniences for teachers and pupils, supplied with the best kind of furniture, and are warmed and ventilated by the best apparatus. They vary in size, some occupying only two lots, others six or seven. It has been found that large buildings are much more economical and convenient than small ones; and not unfrequently two thousand pupils, and even a larger number, are well accommodated under one roof.

The sketches that illustrate this article will give the reader a very complete idea of the internal arrangements of our common schools. The first gives an exterior view of one of the school buildings; No. 2 shows a lesson in object teaching in a class-room in a colored school; No. 3, a girls' class in calisthenics; No. 4, a girls' class in drawing; No. 5, a writing lesson; No. 6, a chemical lecture at the Free College. These sketches were all taken from actual scenes, and are accurate representations of them.

The importance of these schools in a country like ours, whose institutions depend wholly on the intelligence and morality of the people, can not be overestimated. They constitute our chief safeguard against a relapse into the temporal and spiritual bondage which our fathers sought this country to avoid. The benefits of these schools are visible all around us. The number of pupils under instruction is constantly increasing; the annual examinations show the continued maintenance of a creditable degree of scholarship; and the interest of the public in the practical, everyday workings of the system is evidence of the continued confidence and regard with which citizens of all parties and every religious sect, with one partial exception, regard its progress and success. The most competent, experienced, and impartial judges in America and Europe have, in the most public manner, affixed the stamp of their approbation to our system, and have with one consent expressed their conviction that, in its external and internal administration, it is equaled by no other in the civilized world. A short time ago the Rev. James Fraser, one of a Board of Commissioners appointed by the English government to inquire into the common school system of the United States and of Canada, spent several weeks in making a thorough investigation of our city schools; and in his report, which was laid before Parliament, expressed his high appreciation of our system and its results. The question of establishing a similar system, for the education of the masses of the English people, is one of the measures probably to be brought before Parliament during its present session. Mr. Forster, who holds the post of "Vice-President of the Committee on Education of the Privy Council," in a recent speech urged the imperative necessity of such a measure. "So convinced is the country," he said, "so convinced is the House of Commons, of the importance and urgency of this question, that no economical, or religious, or irreligious difficulty will be allowed to stand in the way. The public money must not be wasted, no, not one penny of it must be spent, unless, indeed, for the purpose of education; but if, indeed, the public money must be spent, *no religious differences must stand in the way of an elementary secular education.*"

While other nations are thus emulating our own in the establishment of a system of popular education, it certainly behooves American citizens to see that nothing is allowed to interfere with the efficiency of our common schools, or lessen their hold upon the confidence of the whole people. The dangers that threaten them in the way of unsecularization, and the diversion of a large portion of the common school funds for the support of sectarian schools, are happily and only too truthfully foreshadowed in Mr. Nast's admirable composition on page 140, which requires no comment to enforce its warning admonitions.

FOUND IN THE STREET.

"Do you know, Sir, that I am almost starved—that I have had nothing to eat for twenty-four hours?"

The young man started at this unexpected address; then turned, and regarded the speaker for a moment curiously.

The scene was Fifth Avenue, and the time was near midnight.

Horses and carriages were dashing over the pavement, conveying gay parties from theatre or supper.

The air was crisp and chill; the stars shone cheerfully above; the lamps gleamed brilliantly below; yet the young man was thus suddenly accosted, in the most fashionable thoroughfare in New York, by a stranger who was almost starved, and had eaten nothing for twenty-four hours.

No wonder he turned to look curiously at her!

Caleb, or Cale Gordon, as his *intimes* called him, was a hard-working young journalist—hard-working, but well paid; for he was a vastly clever and rapid writer, and found a ready market for all he wrote; besides being on the regular staff of one morning paper as musical and dramatic critic.

And in pursuit of this part of his vocation he had that evening been to the French opera to hear "Geneviève"—had stepped into Delmonico's for a light supper, and was now on his way down to the office to write up his evening's work.

He had no one but himself to take care of; made money enough to supply all his wants, including light suppers at Delmonico's when he desired them; and knew very little about the poverty and wretchedness of the under-world of the great city he lived in.

Therefore he queried, in a tone of surprise, after looking at the questioner for a moment, "You say you have eaten nothing for twenty-four hours?"

"A bit of bread and some coffee last evening, and nothing before that since the day before;" and the girl gave a great gulp, something between a sigh and a sob, and turned her face away.

"Bless my soul!" said Caleb; "come right along with me and get something."

You see Caleb was quite green—he had only been in the city about six months, having come well recommended from a country newspaper, or else he would have given her a quarter and sent her on her way—or perhaps something worse might have come of it, who knows? But as it was, he took her hand and placed it on his arm, and walked her rapidly down a side street, toward a point where he knew there was an oyster-saloon that kept open all night.

It was not exactly a place to take a lady; but it did not occur to Caleb to take her to Delmonico's—besides, they were past it.

She had said nothing further; but Caleb noticed that she leaned rather heavily on his arm; and as they passed a street-lamp, and its light shone full in her face, he observed that she was very pale.

He hurried her along, and presently they arrived at the saloon, and were soon seated opposite each other in a small private room, or box, with a table between them.

Caleb called a waiter and ordered a glass of sherry, and, when that was provided, gave it to the girl, who seemed absolutely about to faint, and begged her to drink it, which she did; then he ordered a substantial supper for her.

The waiter left them, and Caleb had an opportunity of looking at his companion.

The wine had revived her, and a little color tinged her cheeks.

She seemed very young. Caleb thought of his little sister at the old homestead in the country, and guessed this girl must be about her age—about seventeen.

Thinking of his little sister, too, he could not help thinking how he would feel if she were in such a strait as this poor creature; and he felt a strange sensation under his watch-pocket, and did not care to speak for a moment.

Then he said, kindly and in a low voice, "And now you must tell me how all this has been brought about, and perhaps I can help you."

But the girl folded her arms on the table, laid her head on them, and cried—not loudly, but very bitterly.

"I don't like to see you cry," said Caleb—and his voice was a little tremulous; that was a soft point in Caleb's character; he never liked to see any body cry.

The girl raised her head, and threw the long, soft, curling hair back from her face, and said: "You are very, very kind to me, and—I won't cry;" and she didn't; she stopped instantly; which pleased him in more ways than one.

Caleb wasn't far out about her age—probably his memories of his little sister had aided him in some occult way. She was just about seventeen, and now that she had gained a little color, what between the wine and the tears, was manifestly pretty, or so, at least, Caleb thought; but so thin—so thin!

She had pretty, soft, brown curls, and brown hair, and tender violet eyes—very large; and as they looked at Caleb, through the mist of her late weeping, he thought he had never seen any half so expressive.

Her figure was trim and neatly clad, but poorly. Her hands were small, but they bore the marks of labor, and the forefinger of her right hand was dotted over with little black specks, as Caleb remembered his mother's to have been when he was a boy at home, and she sat in the arm-chair sewing for him.

Then the nice hot supper came in, and, with an apology, she began to eat.

And how she did eat!

Caleb had never seen any one very hungry before, and he felt his own eyes grow dim as he watched her. And somewhere in the interior of his being he registered a little oath that she should never be hungry again—not if he could help it; and then he thought of his little sister once more.

And at last the supper was eaten (of course, Caleb took nothing, for Delmonico had supplied him); and as she looked up, and he asked her if she would have any thing else, she said: "I am ashamed of myself for eating so much; but I was *so* hungry;" and then she went to crying again, but still silently. And then, after a little, Caleb got her story out of her.

How she was crying because she had a widowed mother and little brother at home, who were just as hungry as she was, and who would not have any kind friend to give them food; and how she had come out this night with a wicked purpose in her heart, because that she could not bear longer that they should starve; and how that when she spoke to Caleb her own hunger overcame her—and she was so selfish, so wickedly selfish—and now she must go. But Caleb started up and called back that waiter, and gave him sundry orders very rapidly; and when he went away to fill them, put his hand on her shoulder and told her to sit quietly for a few moments, and he would go with her. And then she sat down, like a very child, as she was, and told him the rest of her story. Poor green Caleb had never heard one of those stories before.

They had been very poor, she said, ever since her father died, and that was when she was about ten years old. Her mother had supported them for a good while with her needle, and then Josey—that she said was her name, Josey Carroll—had been able to sew, too; and thus they had managed to live—but that was all. And then her mother had taken sick, and then—the waiter came in with a large, covered basket, which Caleb seized; and after he had paid the bill, he tucked Josey under one arm, and they hurried up the steep saloon stairs and out into the starlight and the glare of street-lamps again.

They took a car, and about twenty minutes later were finding their way up a dark court-yard, into a narrow alley-way, up flights of rickety stairs, and so to a room on the top floor of a tumble-down tenement-house, which was Josey's home.

There was no fire in the little stove; a spluttering bit of candle burned on a rough pine table; and on the floor, upon a mattress, and covered with a few old quilts and rags, lay huddled the widowed mother and the poor little brother.

Caleb dropped his basket, and saying that he would be back in a moment, fled to a corner grocery which he had seen a boy about closing as he passed.

Five minutes later he was back in the room, with the boy following laden with coal, wood, and candles.

Then he made the fire with his own hands—for he had learned that accomplishment when he was a boy at the old homestead.

The candles were lighted, the table was spread, the mother and little boy were seated; and when they were fairly at work, and he saw how hungry they were, then Caleb broke down.

He went and opened the window and looked out at the stars; but he didn't see them, for his eyes dropped tears too many to see through.

And presently a little hand was slipped into his, and as he turned around Josey said, "Don't cry! you have made us all so happy, and you have saved us from so much! Don't cry!"

Caleb pressed her hand; then he looked at his watch, and said he must go, but he would come to them the next morning. And then he shook hands with them all, and went out, while the blessings and prayers of the poor widow followed him.

It was nearly daybreak before Caleb had finished his office-work and got home to his boarding-house; but at ten o'clock he was again in the room in the tumble-down tenement-house.

It was nicely swept, and a bright fire burning, and the few bits of furniture made to look as home-like as possible.

And three smiling faces met Caleb when he entered, and a welcome that made the young man blush for very shame. That was the last day they spent in the tenement-house.

Caleb, delighted to have some one to spend his money on, found them comfortable apartments, neatly furnished: hunted up some lady friends of his, who gave the widow all the plain sewing she could do, with the aid of a sewing-machine, which Caleb furnished her; got Josey a profitable position in a public institution; and what then?

Well, then—that is to say, about six months after, when the public institution gave Josey a fortnight's holiday, Caleb took the whole family—the little brother had been going to school all this time—out into the country to the old homestead. And when the fortnight's vacation was over Caleb wrote to the directors of the public institution resigning Josey's position; and one bright summer's morning he tucked Josey under his arm once more, and the widow, and Caleb's mother—also a widow—and Caleb's little sister, and Josey's little brother, and a whole troop of Caleb's uncles and aunts, cousins and friends, all strolled quietly down the quiet country road and into the little village church; and there Josey and Caleb were married. And as the two widows had become fast friends they lived together at the old homestead, while Caleb took his little wife—thin and pale no longer, but plump and flushed and happy as any robin—back to the great city. And surely it is recorded somewhere by the good angel that Caleb never again should be unhappy, or regret that he had taken to wife the poor, little, half-starved girl he had *found in the street.*

SAFE LIGHT FOR OUR HOMES.

Mr. Editor: Permit us to say a word in behalf of our firesides, at least where gas is not used, or if so, at an expense which is a burden.

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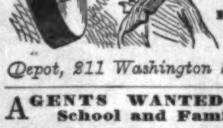

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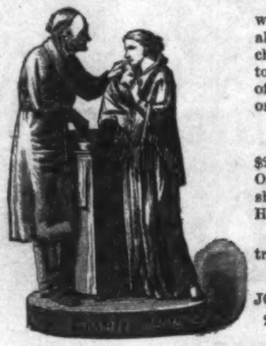

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